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Original Poetry.

ADELINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ALICE CARY.

One time I heard the borrowed notes
Of robins, all the twilight through,
When girls came home with petticoats
Pearled heavy with the mid-May dew;

I heard, as though I did not hear,
I saw, as though I did not see,
For present sunshine is less dear
Than shadows cast from memory.

Shadows that track me everywhere;
When first the cloudy sunrise blinks,
I seem to see my love's black hair
Tangling along the garden pinks.

We came together to the door
Of our sweet home, that is to be,
And knocking, she went in before
To put on marriage robes, for me.

I'm weary work to wait so long,
But true love knows and how to doubt—
God's wisdom fashions seeming wrong
That we may find right meanings out.

Pictures of Life.

SEE HER AT HOME.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Charles," said Mr. Lesley to his nephew, "you know I don't care who you marry—that is," he added, in an explanatory tone, "provided the lady be respectable and to your liking—you are old enough to choose for yourself; you are rich enough for a sensible man, but take my advice, never trust to outside appearances, especially in women."

"Why, uncle, do you think the sex so deceitful?" said Charles.

"No, my boy; deceit is not peculiar to any division of mankind, but as their education, duties, and course of life are generally speaking more private than ours, their real character is less visible in society, and to know a woman's genuine disposition, one must see her at home."

The conversation above quoted took place in a handsome castellated mansion, called Oakwood Hall, from the park of noble trees in the midst of which it stood on the banks of the Severn. Mr. Lesley had inherited the hall and surrounding estate from his ancestors, who had lived there as country gentlemen before the Reformation, for the Lesleys were one of the oldest families in Somersetshire. The repute of a good landlord and a hospitable householder, had regularly descended from father to son; but none of his name were ever more beloved by the tenantry or respected by neighboring squires than the present proprietor. He had seen much of the world in youth—having travelled more than the sons of country gentlemen were wont to do—and studied at foreign universities; but it was his sound sense and sincere benevolence that gave Mr. Lesley an honorable notoriety in his neighborhood. People of all ranks put faith in the owner of Oakwood Hall, and there was a popular belief that nothing could be done well without him at either sessions or vestry. Mr. Lesley's hair was growing grey, and he had no son to succeed him—one tomb-stone marked the grave of his three young children in the parish churchyard; but, with Mrs. Lesley's concurrence, he had adopted the son of an elder sister who had grown up in his house, gone thence to college and returned, as like his uncle, the tenants said, as he could look. The young man was in his twenty-third year. He had taken the name of Lesley, and nephew and uncle sat conversing in what was called the tea room of that old manor-house, a comfortable though antiquated parlor, opening into the ancient orangery or greenhouse, in a soft evening of autumn. Charles Lesley had lately been at a country ball, and there saw a delightful Miss Trimmer, some observations concerning whom had brought on a grave discourse touching ladies in general, and his own future choice in particular.

"Well, uncle," said the young man, "you ought to know, after twenty years of married life. That, of course gives experience."

"Hold, nephew. I know you are going to jest," said his uncle, good-humoredly. "Twenty years of anything should make one experienced, but I got a strong lesson some six months before my wedding day, and as your aunt won't be here till tea time—she always likes to talk a while with the cottagers in her walk—I'll tell you the story."

You know that I was an only child and lost my mother early. My father loved me, he used to say, double, for himself and her. From my infancy he gave me the best opportunities; took extraordinary pride in my abilities, real and imaginary; and allowed me so much of my own way that it was a mercy I did not fall into mischief. It is, however, among my chief causes of thankfulness that Providence preserved me from ever doing anything to vex that kindly heart; though on one point, I must acknowledge myself to have gone to the very borders of disobedience. I had returned from the travels of which our neighbors still talk—none but noblemen's sons thought of the like in those days. My age was about your own; everybody praised me to my father, and he was proud to show me off in Bristol, where we went to spend the Christmas time with an old friend, and see the great world—Bristol being in my youth a kind of capital for all the adjoining counties. Things in general are doubtless much improved, but young people can form no idea of the metropolitan character enjoyed by provincial towns in times when London was considered too far off, and dangerous for more than one visit in the course of a life. The ancient commerce and wealth of Bristol gave it a pre-eminence in this respect, notwithstanding the neighborhood of Bath. Its genteel families maintained among themselves a degree of style and fashion, which though somewhat antiquated, was quite as engrossing and exclusive as that of Belgravia. They had their own code of ton, enforced with old-fashioned rigor, their own gay season in which belles reigned, young ladies were brought out, and the Somerset and Gloucestershire gentry came to occupy their town houses. Our family kept nothing of the kind; my father preferred planting trees and improving his farms, to all the formal gaieties of Bristol, and I had seen too much of foreign cities to care for them; but our friend Captain Fitzpatrick had made us promise to spend Christmas with him in the new house, which, to use his own words, he "built for head quarters," when the old merchant whose life he had saved in a shipwreck, bequeathed him ten thousand pounds, and he retired from the army after thirty years' service.

Captain Fitzpatrick was, as his name might inform you, an Irishman. Like most sons of the Green Isle, he loved a joke in his heart, and was still more clever than cautious, in spite of his fifty years; but all acquainted with the Captain knew him to be both just and generous, an honorable man, and a right trusty friend. My father had made his acquaintance when first visiting Bath with his bride. Their friendship had been cemented by a thousand mutual services, and now that the Captain had settled down at Bristol, nothing would satisfy him but that his old and young friends, as he called us both, should warm his new house by a month's visit in mid-winter. The Captain was unmarried. He used to say, whether in jest or earnest I never knew, that the finest girl in all Leinster had made him a bachelor; but he kept his own old nurse, a capital housekeeper, though she was near seventy, and was the most ardent adviser to matrimony within my knowledge.

In these counsels my father concurred as far as I was concerned; he wished me to marry, and think of travelling no more; and in all his conversations with me on that subject, I must do him the justice to say that neither family nor fortune was set forth as the chief requisite. He generally wound up with the following exhortation, "Whatever you do, Frank, bring me home a good daughter-in-law, one as like your mother as you can find."

That honest injunction found an echo in my mind. Though then young, I had learned to look earnestly on life, and knew that deficiencies in heart or understanding would be but poorly compensated by any external advantage. So far I was right, but youth has much to learn. In my admiration of goodness, I had forgotten my own short-comings, and set up for myself an image of ideal excellence, which if ever found "below the stars," must be too perfect to mate with an ordinary mortal. There might have been a dash of romance caught at the German colleges, for before I had helped to warm the Captain's house, a week, it seemed to me that my dream of perfection was all but realized.

Though social, popular, and not over serious, Captain Fitzpatrick took little part in what was called the gay society of Bristol. He said he was too old to dangle after girls, and his time was growing too short to be lost on cards and dowagers, so the Captain diligently eschewed balls, assemblies, and parties of large pretensions, narrowing his circle to a few quiet but genteel families, with whom he had an intimate and most cheerful acquaintance. His heart-favored among those households, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, their only daughter Sophia, and two maiden sisters of the gentleman who resided with them. They occupied a comfortable old-fashioned house in Temple street, and had come to Bristol but a year before; however, the moment we were introduced—for the Captain made a point of showing us all his friends—my father discovered Phipps to have been a college companion of his, and their old friendship speedily warmed up again. The family in consequence paid us all sorts of polite attentions. They were well meaning, but odd people, every one except Sophia. Mr. Phipps, who held a lucrative appointment in the law, was an excessively pompous but good-humored little man; Mrs. Phipps had been brought up in a farm-house, and kept the dairy about her; the Misses Phipps, commonly called Miss Jane and Miss Sally, were models of antiquated belles, having stopped exactly where modes and manners were when they were twenty, and continued to wear the stiff precision, high-heeled shoes, and long train. Sophia—she was so called only on great occasions, her ordinary name being Sophy—had just completed her nineteenth year; a fair slender girl somewhat under the middle size, with a faint bloom on her cheeks, smooth nut-brown hair, and a mild but a merry look in her bright blue eyes. Though an only daughter, Sophy was no pet, but her mamma's assistant in all household duties, and expected to do just what her seniors thought best. That expectation Sophy did not seem inclined to disappoint; her natural disposition, or it might be living with so many elderly people, made her more usefully quiet, less vain, and I must say, better liked by her friends, than the generality of pretty girls. Sophy had many distant admirers, but nothing of the kind was encouraged in that house; the Misses Phipps standing out for ultra propriety. I thought my father would have been added to the list—at least, Charles, I was spoiled enough to say so, the first evening he saw her. Scarcely had we gained the street when the good old man opened preliminaries with what a fine girl Sophy Phipps was,—how well she behaved—how wise she looked, and, above all, how closely she resembled my mother.

It had been a family dinner with the Phipps'. The senior gentlemen lived all their college days over again. Captain Fitzpatrick made himself generally agreeable as usual. I remember how sweetly Sophy sang, and how pleasant was her small chat amid the precise politeness of her aunts and the homely sense of her mother, when I joined the ladies in the drawing-room. My father took an amazing fancy to his college friend's house. The Phipps' had always liked the Captain, and seemed to include us. In short we were there continually, and I was beginning to believe that all my father said about Sophy was true, when the Captain found himself called upon to give a Christmas party. It was in our honor, but much to my father's disappointment, and in some degree to my own, the Phipps' family could not be there. By a long established custom of their house, aunts, uncles, and cousins, to the uttermost bound of relationship, met there at a Christmas dinner; however, the Captain invited all his friends who were not better engaged, and his exertions (not to mention those of his housekeeper) in decorating the mansion with evergreens, and seeking out good things for the dinner, were such as I never saw surpassed in town or country. I helped with all my might; but could not help fearing that the gallant Captain's preparations had something to do with his detention from church on Christmas morning.

The service in Bristol Cathedral was tolerably attended, for the day was fair with faint sunshine, though heavy rain all the previous night had made the old streets muddy. There was a large display of beauty and fashion; and, I regret to say, that for some time the gaily-dressed audience and the quaint decorations of the gothic church, divided my thoughts between them. I saw Sophy Phipps in her usual neat and unnoticeable attire; but the same moment my attention was caught by a lady in the next pew. She was taller and more robust than Sophy, yet would not have been so pretty, but for a brilliant complexion with fine dark eyes and hair. Her dress was richly grave, the newest of furs and velvet; but it was her air of rapt devotion, her fervent responses, and the earnest regard fixed on her gold clasped prayer book, that fascinated me—I fear to the forgetfulness of my own. Never did piety seem so attractive. Compared with her, the rest of the worshippers looked cold, common-place people, and I left the church determined to inquire after the lady's name and history. My father and I had already some acquaintances with whom to exchange the compliments of the season, on our way to the Captain's house—among the rest, Edward Williams, a young man of whom I knew nothing, but that he had been my class-fellow some years before, at King's College, Cambridge, could never get on, some said was plucked, and now visited a widowed aunt in Bristol. Williams bustled up with joy and gratulation, as if I had been the playmate of his childhood, greeted me warmly, introduced himself to my father, and deeply deplored that he had not been sooner made aware of the fact that we were staying with his dear friend, Captain Fitzpatrick. Besides knowing little of him, I never cared for my quondam class-fellow. Williams was known never to be sincere in anything except a continual search after loans and invitations. However, it appeared the Captain knew his family—a well-descended but ill-doing house they were; and Edward, together with his aunt, were to share that evening's festivity. He was enlarging on this when a much more interesting subject crossed his vision.

The laws against street-begging were not at this time strictly enforced in Bristol, and at a corner, hard by one of the dirtiest crossings, a ragged, wretched-looking man demanded charity, in a tone so loud and importunate that we determined to pass him by as an impostor; scarcely was the passage effected, when I perceived at the opposite side of the street no other than the lady who engaged so much of my mind when it should have been better employed. Her eye was fixed on the ragged man. The crossing was terrible for satin shoes, without which no gentlewoman walked in those days, but she plunged in and over with a crimson purse in her hand, from which I saw her take some coin, and place it in the beggar's fingers with the look of a pitying angel. I watched her over the crossing again and round the corner, and the admiring gaze which Williams sent after her made me think better of him than usual.

"Don't you know her?" he said, in reply to my earnest inquiry, "that is Miss Jennings, the Bath heiress—quite a superior woman, though her father was a tradesman. They say he left her forty thousand in her own right, and she maintains her stepmother, who married a sporting draper after the honest oilman, and was left in difficulties with I don't know how many orphans. Isn't it charming, such benevolence? but you will have an opportunity of making her acquaintance. She has been staying these three weeks with my aunt, who you know patronizes Captain Fitzpatrick's parties. So take care of your heart—" and the flippant young man walked away, followed by my father's angry glance, while I caught sight of the relieved beggar stealing into a gin shop. The Captain had given us a full account of his company, including the Bath heiress and Edward's aunt, a lady some ten years his senior, with whom he had an acquaintance of thirty years' standing, her husband having been a brother officer. The whole had escaped my memory, but now the details acquired interest. I dressed with more than ordinary precision—as you would, Charles, if about to see Miss Trimmer—and the company assembled, some dozen strong,—old gentlemen, old ladies, but not one under fifty except Miss Jennings, Edward Williams, and myself.

CHAPTER II.

I was solemnly introduced to the heiress, for those were formal times; and, to my inward content, appointed her escort to the dinner table. Miss Jennings' age was my own at least—I never guess ladies' years exactly—her manner was not remarkably courteous, and had a look of being put on. I could not hide this small discovery from myself; but before the adjournment to the drawing-room took place, it was my conviction that the Bath heiress must be a superior woman. Charles, you will believe that it was not the forty thousand that dazzled me—what I had heard and seen of Miss Jennings before our introduction set me a dreaming of all the virtues. Moreover, as our acquaintance progressed, the lady spoke with such confidence on subjects then much above the common level of gentlewomen's education, that I could not help instituting mental comparisons between her and Sophy Phipps, which left no balance in favor of the latter. Sophy might be pretty, and a good girl in her own small way, but compared with Miss Jennings, she was a mere nobody. It was true that in the course of that evening's conversation I more than once perceived that the heiress did not exactly understand what she talked about most volubly. There were queer slips made at times on the high places of literature and politics, but then what noble sentiments she expressed at every turn!—how elevated above the purse-pride of an heiress, and the vanities presumed to be of her sex! Indeed, Miss Jennings was severe on those things; but I chiefly admired her expansive benevolence and deep commiseration for the poor.

The old people enjoyed themselves with old stories, songs and chat, Captain Fitzpatrick leading the van. I spent what he called a very grave Christmas, conversing with Miss Jennings, much to the discomfort of Edward's aunt, who had hopes for her nephew in that quarter, but not at all to the discomposure of Edward, who literally did nothing but listen to the heiress with the same admiring look he had cast after her in the street. That appeared to me a remarkable evidence of his good taste, not to say humility; and when the servant arrived with lanterns and pattens in good old Bristol fashion, I escorted Miss Jennings home while he walked meekly with his aunt. We talked on grave subjects the whole way, and I should have visited next morning, as the etiquette of my youth required, but Miss Jennings informed me that she "must return to Bath by the early coach—though a single lady, it did not suit her to be long from home;" and with a half sigh, she bade me good-night. For days after, I could think of nothing but Miss Jennings, and, as a natural consequence with men of my mental order, kept a profound silence on the subject, though my father rallied me on being so suddenly captivated, and Captain Fitzpatrick always looked as if he expected something. I didn't care for visiting the Phipps's now—it might be thought I was paying attentions. My sense told me that Sophy was not the girl to think so, but I never passed the threshold without assuming a polite reserve. Though a plain man, my father was an observant one. He saw the turn my mind had taken with some disappointment, not so much that the heir of Oakwood Hall should think of an oilman's heiress, as because he had set his heart on matching me and Sophy. However, he showed both good sense and kindness by sinking the subject entirely, and we went home to celebrate the new year as usual with the tenantry, see the country gentry, and observe my birthday, which happened, as you know, on St. Valentine's eve. It was a gay season with us in Somersetshire, and, though my thoughts were in Bath, or seeking apologies for going thither, I perceived the change of fashions, as young men will, Charles—queues were going out, whiskers were coming in. I lost no time in conforming, and, of course, thought my appearance vastly improved. It certainly was altered. Captain Fitzpatrick, who came to the birthday festivities, did not recognize me at first sight; neither did a distant relation he had brought with him. George Lyttleton had studied with me in Berlin, and taken a world of prizes when I couldn't muster one; his uncle, who held a government appointment, had given him a capital education, but no profession at all; and at his death, which occurred suddenly in the previous year, his orphan nephew was left an accomplished scholar, without either friends or fortune. Worse subjects might have been found for such luck. Nature had enabled George, even in his youth, to take things easy; as a last resource he had answered an advertisement for a tutor, was accepted, didn't like to go, and, having still some days, was spending them with his only relative, the hospitable Captain.

Knowing his prospects, my father received the young man with extra kindness, and George, according to custom, made himself at home; but Captain Fitzpatrick took the opportunity of our being alone together in the library next forenoon, to task me if it I knew where Lyttleton was going to teach? "Just in the house with Miss Jennings," he added, without waiting for an answer, "there are two young step-brothers of hers to be tutored. Don't you envy him?"

"Not exactly," said I, endeavoring to look gay; "the nearest is not always the most successful; but Captain, couldn't you help one with an excuse for going to Bath?"

Fitzpatrick's frankness and love of fun, his single life and boundless good nature, made him the ready confidant of youth, and now that the ice was broken, I made no secret of my admiration of Miss Jennings.

"I knew it," said the Captain, in a musing tone; "some men are caught by fine faces, some by fine clothes, and you, my dear fellow, have been caught by fine talking; betting is a bad practice, but I'll lay ten to one that girl is either a fool or a vixen, and not to be thought of beside little Sophy Phipps, for all her forty thousand."

My dissent from this opinion was expressed in energetic terms, and Fitzpatrick's eyes twinkled with suppressed laughter, as he said—

"Well, Frank, there is one chance of coming at the truth; go you in George Lyttleton's place; he will let you have it cheap, I'm sure. They haven't seen him yet, and no soul would find you out in that crop."

Here my father stepped in, and Fitzpatrick fell to talking of the Gentleman's Magazine. His proposal had been made in jest, but (would you believe it, Charles) it took possession of my mind. I read novels in those days; and the heir of Oakwood Hall, wooing his bride in the disguise of a penniless tutor, and being loved by the wealthy heiress for himself alone—that was my version of the business—blinded me to the silliness, and still worse, to the sin of falsehood, involved in such a proceeding. I knew, however, that my father hated deceit, but thought over it till the birth-day festivities were done, when I accompanied the Captain and George back to Bristol, being bound to visit my cousin in Gloucestershire, while my father remained at home to look after the planting of young firs. As we rode on, our conversation turned on Lyttleton's tutorship, to which he was now more averse than ever; Lord Westmoreland, his uncle's friend, having written to say he would not forget him, and George couldn't think of teaching a draper's sons after that.

"You should send somebody in your place," said the Captain, with a quizzical look at me; "Frank, here, would make a famous tutor. Wouldn't it be a capital joke?"

"Nothing like it!" said Lyttleton, and part fun, part folly influencing us all, it was at length agreed that George should remain with the Captain, at his new house, while I rode to Bath next day with a stock of Latin books, borrowed from Fitzpatrick's friend the surgeon, in the valise prepared for my Gloucester journey; and presented myself at No. 9, Brunswick Terrace, as Mr. Lyttleton, the tutor.

No. 9 was a large fashionable house, and when I knocked at its door, in the afternoon of a sunless day, about the end of February, the thought of what my father would say, came suddenly upon me. However, it was too late to turn; George and the Captain would think my heart failed me, besides the door was immediately opened by a confused looking boy in livery. I boldly gave him my borrowed name and business, and he marshalled me straight up stairs into the back drawing-room. It is marvellous how instinctively one finds out that there is something wrong about a house, almost in the moment of entrance. I suspected, perhaps from the boy's face, that all was not right before my foot was on the first step, and scarce had the drawing-room door closed upon me, when I became conscious that there was somebody scolding powerfully in the next apartment. It was the front drawing-room, and separated from that in which I stood merely by a folding partition. Charles, I could not be accused of eavesdropping, for nothing but total deafness could have prevented my hearing every word of that oration; but ungentlemanly as it was, I could not resist the temptation of peeping through a most convenient crevice, for the voice seemed known to me, and there sat Miss Jennings, my mirror of noble sentiments and saint-like benevolence, with fury in her looks, and language I never expected to hear from womankind upon her tongue, scolding at a pale, broken-hearted woman, and two sickly little girls.

At first I thought that some heinous crime had been committed to call forth such indignation; but from the timid remonstrance of the three rebuked, and the lady's own admissions, I at length learned that it all arose from a message concerning her being out or in, which the boy had delivered somehow out of order, to a presumed admirer. For that misdemeanor he was to be dismissed—to his knowledge of which my position was probably owing, for at a pause of the storm, he looked in, with a most comical expression of countenance, and said—

"Please, ma'am, I forgot that Mr. Lyttleton, the new tutor, is a sitting in the back drawing-room this hour."

The look of rage which my charmer cast on every body as she darted out after him, would have broken any man's bondage, and I retired from the crevice completely disenchanted. As soon as she could compose herself, Mrs. Meeking, the stepmother, whom I had seen, made her appearance with two large lubberly boys and the little girls before-mentioned, who were also to be taught by me, no governess being kept. It was wonderful how well poor Mrs. M. gathered up her spirits, and installed me in all the honors of tutorship, the chief of which was to take tea with the family in the back parlor. At that ceremonial Miss Jennings appeared, dressed with surprising taste. I was now quite careless, and on that account better able to play my part, for she did not even suspect me; but I also perceived that the fact of his having overheard her lecture gained Mr. Lyttleton no favor in her eyes.

This she took no pains to conceal from the poor tutor. In short, I saw the heiress in her true colors, but, chivalry forbids that I should enter into details; moreover, the causes of her most striking displays were commonly so trifling in themselves, that my narrative would belong entirely to the petty-disagreeable. Suffice it to say, that, within less than three days' residence, I required no further proof that the superior Miss Jennings was vain, capricious, and ill-tempered in no ordinary degree—that her piety was a show, and her fine sentiments mere repetition—that her benevolence terminated in alms to the most importunate beggar, chiefly because she thought it grand to give money, and if she enabled her stepmother to live in a fashionable house, by paying a large board, there was no peace within it from her ever-changing humors.

Mrs. Meeking had been a gay, thoughtless, little woman, whose spirit was broken, but not instructed, by misfortune. The boys were stupid and slow, the girls puny and peevish; but I played the humble tutor amazingly, and might have supported my character for some time, but as we sat at tea on the third evening, a light knock at the hall door announced a visitor. The liveried boy's successor looked in with a report I could not catch, and Miss Jennings said, in a loud whisper—

"Goodness! It is that old-maidish thing, Sophy Phipps—she is growing more like her aunts every day, and so stupid it almost makes me sick; but she must come in, I suppose."

Sophy was shown in accordingly. How pleasant her fair face and bright eyes seemed to me! I was recognized, cropped hair, whiskers—and all. I knew that by her first glance—but with more good sense and presence of mind than could have been expected at her age, Sophy made no remark, and sat down by the fire, assuring the hospitable Mrs. Meeking that she had drank tea, and her grandmother (with whom it seems she was then staying at Bath) had sent her to ask if Miss Jennings would join them and their friends in getting up a Sunday school for poor children. Such doings were rare in our towns at the time of which I speak, and it astonished me to hear how well and wisely little Sophy spoke on the subject.

"We will all teach in turn," she said, explaining the plan, when Miss Jennings stopped her short with—

"Not I, indeed—I know my rank in life better than to teach dirty children!"

Sophy looked extremely mortified for a minute, and (I know it was wrong, Charles, but the impulse came irresitibly), looking the heiress of forty thousand full in the face, I said slowly and with much deliberation—

"Madam, the Countess of Huntingdon taught a Sunday school, and I believe your father was an honest oilman."

Miss Jennings stared on me as if her ears had deceived her; the boys gulped their tea louder; Mrs. Meeking and the girls looked as if wondering where they would run, and, losing all courage, I seized my hat, rushed out, and never stopped till at least three squares off.

The twilight was soft and calm, and I walked about to arrange my thoughts, till, at the corner of a street, I met Sophy Phipps going quietly home to her grandmother; she informed me that Miss Jennings had gone off into violent hysteries, till her own doctor being called in, prescribed ten drops of red lavender, which restored the heiress sufficiently to declare perpetual war against all tutors in general, and Mr. Littleton in particular. I explained frankly the cause of my disguise, and more than hinted my consequent discoveries. Sophy said she was afraid Miss Jennings wouldn't be pleased, and we parted at her grandmother's door. Next morning found me in Bristol; Lord Westmoreland had sent Lyttleton news of a situation, and Captain Fitzpatrick made his new house ring with the laughter at my adventures. He promised—honest man—that he would talk about them as little as possible; but somehow, the story went privately through all Bath and Bristol.

That evening my father laughed nearly as much when I confessed all to him in the library; I remember he tried two or three grave rebukes for deceiving a respectable family, but hushed the matter up when he heard how much Sophy had risen in my estimation, and how sensibly we had talked on the way to her grandmother's. In short, the wedding came off six months after, and there is your aunt Sophy, coming in from her walk to make our tea. Miss Jennings has changed her name long ago to Mrs. Williams, and the last time I heard of Edward he was leading a gay life in Bath, while his lady had fallen into invalid habits, and he always spoke of her as the old woman. Now, Charles, the moral of my tale is, that I acted like a silly boy in the affair of the Bath heiress; but when one sees a delightful Miss Trimmer, or the like, at ball or party, it is one's wisdom to wait for better acquaintance, and take some more prudent method of seeing the charmer at home.

RUSSIAN MODE OF FILLING TEETH WITH GOLD.—In Russia, according to a recent traveler, recruits are taken first of all to the nearest governmental town. The physician examines each from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. The boy is healthy and free from blemish. "Open your mouth!" The physician peers in with the searching glance of a treasure-seeker. The teeth are without a flaw. The physician is just on the point of giving to the governor the report, "Healthy!" But behold! a half imperial, or ducat, is lying against the double teeth. In a second the practised medical finger has extracted the gold from the mine. "No, the fellow is of no use, he has got caries—all his teeth rattle; within a month he will not have one left." The lad is free! He bounds again into his blouse and his village. The paltry bribe leaves him among his family till the next tribute. But for those golden teeth, the governor would have shouted, "The forehead!" and the recruit have been accepted. In which case his forehead is shaved as clean as his board, so that he may be recognized if he run away. He stands there like a branded ox in the cattle-market. Nice country, Russia.

Our Picture Gallery.

SHIP'S BOAT PREPARING TO TAKE NIGHT SOUNDINGS.

The above engraving represents a man-of-war's boat preparing to "shove off" for a very important night duty—that of taking soundings and laying down buoys within range of the Russian batteries at Kinburn. "Her Majesty's ships and vessels of war" (as the "Articles of War" have it) are supplied with boats of very various sizes. The large ones alone—like the "launch," &c.—carry guns; and such is the present boat. The men are armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses. The officer in command is generally a mate, though, on important occasions, a lieutenant would also be sent. Each boat has its own proper crew, and and its own proper officer. So that let us suppose the launch to be wanted:—"Launch's crew to muster," or "Away there, launches!" rings down the hatchway; the quartermaster rushes off to tell the officer, and everything is soon in active preparation.

To one who has ever lived in a man-of-war, it is not difficult to realise the details by which such a scene as the above is produced. It is a dark night—time about "two bells" (or nine o'clock) in the first watch. The vessel is at anchor, and it has been resolved to send the boat away on duty. The quartermaster finds the officer down in the berth, where a dozen fellows are sitting or lounging on the lockers—chatting, reading, or dozing—or sipping the "amber fluid," i. e., rum and water. In comes the gray head of the quartermaster—"Mr. Jigger, launches called away, sir!" "Never mind your grog, Jigger; I'll finish it;" says the humorous Higginbotham. Jigger anticipates him—gropes about in the steerage for any clothes he wants, and is soon on deck in cap and great coat. He receives his orders from the commander or first lieutenant (these details depend on the size of the ship,) and stands at the gangway as his men trot quickly and quietly down that "accommodation ladder" which the reader sees before him. When they and the necessary things have gone in before him (a muster of them on the quarter-deck would precede, in cases of importance,) he glides into the stern-sheets himself. "Shove off! give way!" The oars—held upright till then—fall, all together, in the water, and strike out as regularly as a bird's wings. Away glides the boat, with a line of thin fire momentarily gleaming behind her rudder.

But, to-night, the occasion is not an ordinary one. The steamer's boat is being detached *to take soundings*; and this, on an enemy's coast, and under an enemy's batteries, is a delicate and dangerous operation. The side of the vessel which we see, is of course the side *off the shore*. The night is unusually dark. The oars are muffled—that well-known precaution in "cutting-out" cases, and cases like the present. Lanterns have snug night-caps on them, and no stray ray is permitted to wander and tell tales, or how soon may a shot thump down from the batteries? In the stern-sheets with the officer commanding, sits a careful and dexterous leadsman, and with him his faithful blue massive lead all ready to glide down the cold water, and betray the secrets of the bay. In a dead stillness the boat makes its way—a darkness gliding through the dark—and when it reaches the desired spot, down goes the lead, the "soundings" are whispered to the officer, who rapidly pencils them in his note-book, and the perilous work goes on. Sometimes, it is so carried on under the very nose of the enemy, and within a few yards of his fortress.

Perhaps a quick eye and a quick ear on the battlements is aware of something wrong. Instantly, the alarm is taken; and shot or shell come whistling through the night air at the boat. On one occasion, as we are informed, a shell burst so near a boat of the *Vulture*, in the Baltic, as to extinguish the lantern, and blow away the officer's papers, yet did no more damage. On such occasions, "give way!" is the order, and the boat thunders along to the offing. Of course, if a proper chance occurs, they "show fight," the 18 or 24-pound brass gun is brought into play, and bustle ensues.

It needs no great imagination to picture the joy with which, after a good and safe night's work, our boat returns alongside. The men go happily away to their hammocks, possibly after being treated to a dram by their officer, who no doubt arrives just in time for a share of the "watchstock," or refreshments of the gentleman who has the middle or morning watch—*London Illustrated Times.*

Selected Articles.

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled;
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead;
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
And each day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfill them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her,
Is the lustre of his name;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living, on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
With our loving hearts to-day!

A LADY WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA.—Mrs. Margaret Martin, who is at present stopping at the residence of her grandson, in this city, is ninety-eight years of age. She is one of the few remarkable women of the Revolution who took part in the memorable occurrences of the struggle for American Independence. Her husband, Gilbert Martin, was a sergeant in the army of Gates, and was engaged in the battle of Saratoga. Mrs. Martin, then a very young woman, was on the field during both struggles constituting this battle, and terminating in the defeat of the splendid army which Burgoyne had transported with such immense labor and expense from Canada, confidently anticipating that he would be able with it to divide the army of the patriots, and secure Sir Henry Clinton in possession of the southern line of defences. Mrs. Martin represents the struggle as most terrific. She says, that towards evening, when Burgoyne, maddened by the consciousness that all his splendid schemes were about to be defeated, directed his whole reserve and cavalry force upon the feeble army of the patriots, the contestants stood within half musket range of each other, and poured in their deadly volleys, while whole files on either side fell in their tracks, and still neither gave one inch. Towards evening, Mr. Martin was wounded in the shoulder; and while his wife was in the act of affixing a bandage, she herself was wounded in the hand. She says, "Gilbert sprang up like a chafed lion: 'Peggy,' said he, 'I'll go and teach those cowardly dogs better manners than to shoot at a woman'—and I saw him no more till the fight was over."

Of such material were the men and women of the Revolution. We can readily imagine that the field of Saratoga was a strange place for those of the "softer sex." Mrs. Martin, however, has evidently been a woman of uncommon energy of character. Her frame still exhibits evidences of strength, and her eye sparkles as she recounts the deeds of that glorious day, or speaks of "that coward Gates, who stayed safe and sound all day in his tent, and cared not for the men who were falling like sheaves in the harvest." One by one the survivors and landmarks of the Revolution are fading away.—*Troy Whig.*

☞ A man appeared in the streets of Hull, the other day, with his wooden leg painted "Red, White and Blue."

HOW MONTEZUMA DINED.

[Dr. Doran, in his Table Traits, gives the following interesting account of the magnificence of Montezuma's palace and table, at the time when Cortez invaded Mexico.]

On the terraced roof of his palace, thirty knights could tilt at each other, without complaining of want of space. His armories were filled with weapons almost as destructive as any to be found in any of the arsenals of civilized Christian kings. His granaries were furnished with provisions paid by tributaries; three hundred servants tended the beautiful birds of his aviaries; his menageries were the wonder and terror of beholders; and his dwarfs were more hideous, and his ladies more dazzling, than potentate had ever before looked upon with contempt or admiration. His palace within and without was a marvel of Aztec art. It was surrounded by gardens, glad with fountains, and gay flowers. One thousand ladies shared the retirement of this splendid locality, with a master more glittering than anything by which he was environed,—who changed his apparel four times daily, never putting on again a garment he had once worn, and who, eating off and drinking from gold, (except on state occasions, when his table was covered with services of Cholulan porcelain,) never used a second time the vessels which had once ministered to the indulgence of his appetite.

It is said eulogistically of his cooks, that they had thirty different ways of preparing meat,—a poor boast, perhaps, compared with that of the Parisian *chefs*, who have six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs! Three hundred dishes were daily set before the monarch, and such as were required to be kept hot at table were in heated earthen stands made for the purpose. And it is even asserted, that this autocrat occasionally killed time before dinner by watching the cooking of his viands, a practice in which, according to Peter Pindar, that honest old English king used to indulge, who dined off boiled mutton at two, and to whom the funniest sight in the world was the clown in the pantomime swallowing carrots.

The ordinary dishes of Montezuma consisted of very dainty fare; namely domestic fowls, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and other productions of his country, including—it is alleged by some and denied by others—some very choice dairy-fed baby, when this choice article happens to be in season! In cold weather enormous torches, that flung forth not only light but warmth and aromatic odors, lent additional splendor to the scene; and to temper at once the glare and the heat, screens with deliciously droll devices upon them, framed in gold, were placed before the brilliant flame.

The sovereign sat, like his Duke, also protected by a screen. He was not so barbarous as most Christian kings of France, who fed in public; nor was he personally tended like them by awkward Ganymedes of a middle age. Four Hebes stood by the low throne and table of their master, and these poured water on his hands, and offered him the napkin, white as driven snow, or as the cloth on which the four hundred dishes stood waiting his attention. Women as fair presented him with bread; but even these fair ministers retired a few steps, when his sacred majesty addressed himself to the common process of eating. Then a number of ancient but sprightly nobles took their place. With these Montezuma conversed; and, when he was particularly pleased with a sage observation or a sprightly remark, a plate of pudding bestowed by the royal hand made one individual happy, and all his fellows bitterly jealous. The pudding, or whatever the dish might be, was eaten in silent reverence; and while an Aztec emperor was at meat, no one in the palace dared, at the peril of his life, speak above his breath. Montezuma is described as being but a moderate eater, but fond of fruits, and indulging, with constraint upon his appetite, in certain drinks which were of a stimulating quality, such as are found in countries where civilization and luxury are at their highest.

"One thing I forgot, and no wonder," says Bernal Diaz, "to mention in its place, and that is, during the time Montezuma was at dinner, two very beautiful women were busily employed making small cakes, with eggs and other things mixed therein. These were delicately white, and when made, they presented them to him on plates covered with napkins. Also, another kind of bread was brought to him on long leaves, and plates of cakes resembling wafers. After he had dined, they presented to him three little canes, highly ornamented, containing liquid amber mixed with an herb they call tobacco; and when he had sufficiently viewed and heard the singers, dancers, and buffoons, he took a little of the smoke of one of these canes, and then laid him down to sleep. The meal of the monarch ended, all his guards and attendants sat down to dinner, and, as near as I could judge, about a thousand plates of those eatables that I have mentioned, were laid before them, with vessels of foaming chocolate and fruit in immense quantities. For his women and various inferior servants, his establishment was of a prodigious expense, and we were astonished, amid such a profusion, at the vast regularity that prevailed."

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she—she far more than he, and she too often in despite of him—who has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism,—kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by those two greedy monsters,—money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race has been furnished for each noble deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspirations, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan, or more than Spartan—some Christian mother. Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the King's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember, that, though the sinewy sex achieves enterprises on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. "A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

Above all, let not men practice on woman the perpetual and shameful falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assert to her every opinion, as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on to her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her dependence, nor play off mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them remember that, for the ghastly spectacle of her blasted charity, they are answerable. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

SCENE IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The following curious incident was related to the editor by Dr. Patterson, formerly assistant physician in the Lunatic Asylum, Columbus, Ohio. He is now connected with the Board of Superintendents of Lunatic Hospitals, and if we are not mistaken, has at this time charge of the State Asylum of Indiana.

Every one accustomed to visit the asylum in Columbus, from five to fifteen years ago, has observed a most singular genius, known to his acquaintances by the self-appropriated title of "Bishop George," or the "Bishop," as he was more commonly called. This unfortunate man had a fine physical form, with an enormously large development of the love of dominion. It is by no means unlikely that he might have been a Bishop in reality, if he had not been a lunatic. The fact, that even in his insanity, he claimed the title of "Bishop" so pertinaciously that all his acquaintances, even his insane companions conceded his claim, and were quite willing to do so, rather than risk the consequences of disputing a point of so much importance to him, may be regarded as some evidence that the natural tendencies of his mind were in that direction.

The "Bishop's" propensities for discussing theological questions, were most uncomfortably active, and it is even possible that his capacity for such discussion was not inferior to that of some persons who have operated in a wider sphere.

The superintendent of the asylum, Dr. Awl, who also officiated as chaplain at the time referred to, was accustomed to relate a very droll story, illustrating the "Bishop's" propensities for religious disputation. On a certain occasion, when Dr. A. was conducting services for the instruction of the inmates, the "Bishop" interrupted him suddenly, telling him to sit down, and let one preach who knew how. The doctor stopped a moment, hoping to quiet his opponent without the necessity of removing him from the chapel. The "Bishop," availing himself of this pause, announced his text, which was the oft-repeated one, "*Whom he did foreknow, them he did also predestinate.*" He began by saying he had hitherto been an Arminian in sentiment, and had been accustomed to teach and defend those doctrines; but had lately become a convert to the Calvinistic creed, and thought it his duty to lose no time in announcing the change in his sentiments. Having made a few remarks explanatory of his text, he requested his auditors to give special attention to a passage he would quote from the writings of Solomon, and which appeared to him to prove the doctrine of predestination beyond all controversy. The text was, "*It is better to dwell in a house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.*" This terminated the gravity of the assembly, the patience of the doctor, and the "Bishop's" discourse.

This incident in our hero's history will serve to introduce him to the reader, and show that he was the man for an emergency. And now for Dr. Patterson's story, which is a good deal more serious and important than the one just related:

A young theological student had been brought to the asylum in a state of alarming cerebral excitement. He preached all the time, a dozen sermons a day, and as many more at night. The usual remedies had failed to reduce his excitement, and the case was considered a dangerous one. Under these circumstances the physicians determined to try an experiment. They brought him into the "Bishop's" apartment, a portion of the inmates having been assembled for the occasion, and introducing the young man to the congregation, told him he might, if he pleased, give them a discourse. The result anticipated, immediately followed. The "Bishop" sprung forward, and would have put an end to the ministerial operations of his rival in a very short time, had he not been arrested and held by the attendants. That, however, did not prevent him from stamping and vociferating in the most furious manner, saying, "Sit down, sir, you are out of your place—this is my congregation;" at the same time, the young theologian, being encouraged by the physicians, and told to go on, begged his auditors to pay no attention to that crazy old man, but listen to what he had to say. And then followed a scene such as is seldom witnessed, either in or out of lunatic asylums. For a full hour, the rival preachers used their lungs with as much diligence and energy as possible, each, at the same time, doing his utmost to get the attention of the audience, and break down the influence of his competitor. At the end of about an hour, the young man burst into tears, fell in a fainting state, and was carried to his room.

He did not attempt to preach again while in the asylum; remained only a few weeks, and was discharged cured.—*New Church Herald.*

HOW ENGLAND IS WARMED.

In noticing Lieutenant Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," an English Review thus illustrates the benefit which the climate of England derives from the Gulf Stream. Those who heard the lectures of Professor Guyot will read the extract with peculiar interest.

"Modern ingenuity has suggested a well known method of warming buildings, by means of hot water. Now, the North-Western parts of Europe are warmed, in an exactly similar manner, by the Gulf-Stream. The torrid zone is the furnace; the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, the boilers; the Gulf-Stream, the conducting-pipe; from the bank of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the great hot-air chamber, spread out so as to present a large surface. Here the heat, conveyed into this warm air-chamber of mid-ocean, is taken up by the prevailing west winds, and dispensed over our own and other countries, where it is so much required.

Such, in short, is the influence of the Gulf-Stream upon our climate, that Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while in the very same latitude, on the American side of the Atlantic, is the frost-bound coast of Labrador. In 1831, the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice so late in the season as June; yet the port of Liverpool, two degrees further north, has never been closed by frost in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which in every other part of the world, is doomed to perpetual sterility. The benefit thus conferred on our country by the Gulf-Stream is a remarkable accident in our condition. It obviously depends upon the Gulf-Stream of Mexico continuing to be a gulf, which, however, it might easily cease to be. A subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama to the extent of a couple of hundred feet—and such subsidences have taken place in geological times all over the world—would allow the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass through into the Pacific, instead of being reflected back to our coasts. Britain would then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people."

Commenting on this, the Musical World says:

"We begin to think we are very good to allow our Gulf of Mexico to officiate as tea-kettle to those Britishers, and it certainly will be a serious question, whether, in case they presume to interfere with 'manifest destiny' as regards the island of Cuba, it would not be advisable—especially as we have more 'navvies' than soldiers—to cut through the Isthmus of Panama, let the Gulf-Stream flow into the Pacific Ocean, and thus freeze and starve them into good behavior."

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ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.

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But the mind requires a wider range—it has faculties which delight in the humorous and lively, the imaginative and poetical. These faculties also must have their appropriate food, else they become enfeebled, and, as a consequence, the intellect becomes narrow and one-sided, and is not able to take an enlarged and generous view of human nature and its destiny. To satisfy these [illegible] yearnings of our mental being, we devote a fair proportion of the Post to FICTION, POETRY and HUMOR.

Among our contributors to the first two of the above departments, are several of the most gifted writers in the land. We also draw freely for Fiction and Poetry upon the best periodicals in this country and Great Britain. We design commencing a New Story by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," [illegible]

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In another column is an advertisement of the Saturday Evening Post. Our readers may rely upon it, that Deacon and Peterson will be as good as their word. So far as we can judge by years of observation, these publishers do rather more than they promise; and their paper is edited with very marked ability. It is singularly free from silly sentimentalism and bluster, but is of a healthy tone on all subjects, always moderate in language, but always mildly advocating the right. We find it one of the most generally attractive papers in our exchange.—*Saturday Visiter, Pittsburg, Pa.*

It is undoubtedly one of the very best literary newspapers in the whole country, and deserves the unparalleled success with which it has met under its present enlightened and liberal proprietorship. The greater its circulation in this State, the less, probably, is our gain pecuniarily; yet we must pronounce it a most excellent journal, and worthy of the patronage of everybody. The contributors to the Post are among the finest writers in America, and the editor's articles are always characterized by truth and taste.—*Jersey Blue, Camden, N. J.*

We regard it as the best of the Philadelphia literary papers. Its editorials are written with ability, and take a comprehensive view of whatever is discussed.—*Echo, Johnstown, Pa.*

The editorial department is conducted with ability and skill, and the news department, for a weekly paper, is exceedingly full and complete. All things considered, the Post is not excelled, for family reading, by any paper that we know of.—*Gazette, Dalton, New York.*

It is a paper of the largest size, and is edited with ability. It is highly spoken of by its readers, some of whom have clung to it for the last quarter of a century. It is too well and favorably known to need lengthy commendation. It tells its own story each week, and if you send for it once, you will be very sure to do so again.—*Valley Times, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

It is deservedly one of the most popular public journals in the United States, combining as it does, in a literary point of view, all the interest of the best magazines, with a vast amount of general intelligence.—*Republican, Litchfield, Ct.*

The long period during which this sterling paper has been established, and its recent immense circulation, (being between 80,000 and 90,000,) are ample guarantee to all who desire an excellent paper, that they will get the worth of their money by subscribing for the Post.—*Clarion, Lockhart, Texas.*

This is one of the best family papers upon our exchange list. Its original and well selected matter is of the first order.—*North-Western Democrat, Minneapolis, Min. Ter.*

We have heretofore spoken in high terms of the merits of the Post, as one of the best papers on our exchange list, and we regard it as one of the best literary papers to be found anywhere. Its editorials are written with ability, and take a liberal, independent, and comprehensive view of men and things.—*Star and Adv., Wrightsville, Pa.*

This is one of the oldest weekly papers in Philadelphia. It has lived on through all weathers—adversity has tossed it, and prosperity filled its sails—and yet it is the same staunch, strong barque.—*Spectator, Oquawka, Ill.*

We are in weekly receipt of this invaluable family journal, and should feel very much at a loss without it, as we consider it the best literary paper now published in the United States, without any exception.—*Democrat, Cambridge, Md.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (including our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

HIAWATHA.—Mr. Worthington, of Chillicothe, Ohio, denies in the "National Intelligencer," that the legends which form the basis of Mr. Longfellow's new poem are derived from the Swedish. He says:—

Any one who wishes to see the original Indian legends which are reproduced in *Hiawatha* can find them in the ALGIC RESEARCHES of Henry R. Schoolcraft, published in 1839, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Near twenty years before that time, while residing for several years among the Indians as a surveyor of public lands, I heard versions of some of these tales, differing but little from those in the Algic Researches, from individuals of the Wyandotte, Seneca, Delaware, and Ottawa tribes, whom I did not suppose to be versed either in Grecian or Scandinavian lore.

I confess that I prefer to the verses of Longfellow the original prose of Schoolcraft, and have been much surprised that his very interesting and faithful transcript of these Indian legends has not had a wider circulation among the American public.

MACAULAY'S NEW VOLUME.—The new volume of the History of England, is said to contain only the history of four years of William and Mary. The Liverpool Albion says:—

Wonderful, however, will be the wrath of John when that much enduring gentleman discovers he has been drawn of his one pound sixteen shillings for what? A history of the reigns of Anne and at least three of the Georges? Oh, dear—nothing of the sort; but for a history of four years of William and Mary. Fancy that as the result of seven years' labor of a writer who has promised to bring down his narrative to within the memory of men still living. Thirty-six shillings and some fifteen hundred large octavo pages of letterpress for a chronicle of four years a century and a half ago! If that be not the romance of history it is difficult to say what is. Why, at the rate T. B. M. is crawling along, he must intend to live till the age of Methusaleh himself, and be his own posterity. A new wing for the British Museum, will be requisite to hold the history itself.

New Publications.

The following new works are on our table:—

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. Collected from the Memorials of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon, &c. By John S. C. Abbott. With Illustrations. A very interesting work—by a hearty eulogist of the great captain. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY. Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil wars. Cicero's Three Books of Offices or Moral Duties. Xenophon's Anabasis, or Expedition of Cyrus; and the Memorabilia of Socrates. Literally translated. Published by Harper and Brothers. And for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

AN OUTLINE OF THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR. Edited and enlarged by the Rev. Gessel Burton, A. M. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL BAGS; OR, NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPECIAL AGENT OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. By J. Holbrook. With Illustrations. An apparently well written and amusing work, from which we shall probably make an extract or two for the benefit of the community. Published by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

CARRIE HAMILTON; OR, THE BEAUTY OF TRUE RELIGION. By Mrs. C. W. Denison. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON. By Mrs. Southworth. Another edition of this fascinating novel. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA FARM JOURNAL. We are requested to state that this periodical hereafter will be edited by D. A. Wells, A. M., and A. M. Spangler.

THE KANSAS REGION. By Max Greene. A variety of interesting particulars as to the soil, climate, &c., of Kansas. It is dedicated to Bayard Taylor. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York.

POSTAL REFORM: Its Urgent Necessity and Practicability. By Pliny Miles. A good word in a good work. Published by Stringer & Townsend, N. Y. Price 25 cts.

THE FLOWERS OF ELOCUTION. A Class Book. By Caroline Lee Hentz. There are not mere selections, as some might suppose, but original productions, designed for reading exercises in school. Published by Charles Brother, Philadelphia.

THE MYSTIC AND OTHER POEMS. By Philip James Bailey, author of Festus. A new volume of poems by Bailey, doubtless filled with the usual number of beauties, [illegible] and hard words. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS. By Robert Hare, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, &c., &c. Published by Partridge & Brittan, New York; and for sale by Samuel Barry, 221 Arch Street, Philadelphia, who keeps on hand an assortment of publications devoted to this subject.

WALKER'S MANLY EXERCISES. By Craven. From the ninth London Edition. Published by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

AMY LEE, OR, WITHOUT AND WITHIN. By the author of "Our Parish." Published by Brown, Bazin & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

LIZZY HEDSON, OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN GIRL. By Alice Gray. Published by H. Long & Brother, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

[illegible] ROBINSON. By D. Wilson. Published by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York and Auburn. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By John Wilson. First edition. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

BROTHER MASON, THE CIRCUIT RIDER; OR, TEN YEARS A METHODIST PREACHER. Published by H. M. Rulison, 119 [illegible] street, Cincinnati.

MAN-OF-WAR LIFE. A Boy's Experience in the United States Navy, during a voyage around the world in a ship of the line. Published by Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN BONNER. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Just the thing that was wanted. Got up uniform with Dickens' Child's History of England, and written in a very successful imitation of his style. Far from objecting to this imitation, we think the book will be more acceptable upon this account. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Clippings.

☞ Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, I will a family paper take, both for my own and children's sake! If such there be, let him repent, and have this paper to him sent.

☞ A young man in Chicopee, while attempting to kiss a young lady, slipped and fell, losing his kiss and two front teeth. Poor fellow! And what a disappointment to the young lady.

☞ The Vineyard Gazette says that an Irish girl living in that village, who was in the habit of soaping the dirty clothes before putting them to soak, on being told by her mistress to get a dried codfish and put it to soak for dinner, did so, after rubbing it over smartly with a good quantity of soft soap.

☞ A nervous man whose regard for personal comfort is paramount to his sense of national honor and the importance of the Arctic researches upon commercial affairs, says, "After all, the grand achievement of Dr. Kane was in finding a place where musquitoes have never been."

☞ Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand; and when I see a young gentleman kind to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

☞ The Gazette de Medicine says that nostalgia, or home-sickness, is one of the main predisposing causes of the greater part of the sickness in the Crimea among the allied troops.

☞ Piety is not an end, but a means, through the purest repose of the spirit, to attain the highest culture. Wherefore it may be remarked, that those who pursue piety as an end and aim, are mostly hypocrites.

☞ PUNCH'S DEFENCE OF THE ENGLISH SYSTEM.—Every General ought to be able to look death in the face. What, then, more reasonable than to select for Generals veterans who are at death's door?

☞ MYTHOLOGY EXPLAINED.—Venus's car was drawn by pigeons, inferring thereby that in love there should be no kicking over the traces.

☞ At a marriage ceremony, celebrated in a M. E. Church in Baltimore, on Tuesday, the bride was dressed in snow white satin; the first bridesmaid was attired in deep blue, and the second in red silk.

☞ SCARE OUT IN MERCER.—Little boy: "Ma, will that woman go to Heaven any sooner than you, 'cause she's got a pew all to herself?"

☞ Humboldt says that tobacco is the Indian weed for the pipe through which the weed is smoked.

☞ ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.—Neither high nor humble was at any time spared by his efflorescent wit. Meeting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York one day in St. James' street, as he was leaving the portico, "We've just been discussing, Sherry," said the Duke, "whether you are a *rogue or a fool*." "I am between both, your Royal Highness," he replied, taking an arm of each before passing on.

☞ A SAFE RULE.—When a young man confidently tells you that such and such a young lady "has no heart," you may be sure that he has been trying it on, and has failed in making an impression.—*Punch.*

☞ How does it happen that the most superficial orators generally make the longest speeches? The answer to this question (which is not a conundrum) appears to be that "those gentlemen endeavor to give their orations in length that which they want in depth."

☞ A red-headed lover, in writing to a red-headed girl, should use great care in wording his letters. The less said about "mutual flame," the better. We once knew a wedding postponed six years by a similar phrase to this.

☞ Dean Swift once visited the neighborhood where some ten years before, a very great man had lived and died. For a long time he could find no one who remembered the departed. But after much inquiry he met an old gentleman, the pastor of the church, who said to the inquiry, "Yes, I think I do, yes, I now recall him, he had a little dog whose ears were cut off close to his head." So it is, our very dogs will be remembered when we are forgotten.

☞ It is said that advertisements like the following, taken from a late London journal, are frequent in the London newspapers:—"Original Manuscript Sermons.—The widow of a clergyman is willing to dispose of the remainder of her husband's Discourses, which are sound and practical, and adapted to any class of hearers. Address 'Clericus,' Blechingley, Reigate, Surrey."

☞ The following has been given as the arithmetic of love. After introduction; 2 compliments make 1 blush, 2 blushes make 1 tender look, 4 tender looks make 1 ramble by moonlight, 2 rambles make 1 proposal, 2 proposals (1 to pa) make 1 wedding.

☞ "Charley, where is your father?" "I don't know, mother, but I guess he's gone over to Deacon Dilberry's pasture after his black sheep, 'case I seed the Widder Higgins going over that way." Charley caught a thrashing before breakfast next morning.

☞ Revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and he is debased by revenge.

☞ There is a lady in Ohio who has had eleven husbands during the last sixteen years. The very worst kind of a monopoly—monopolizing the true "staff of life."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - - - -	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00
13 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00
20 "	(and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00

Persons residing in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW [illegible]—Our subscribers will take notice that we have [illegible] agents out of this State. They will [illegible] please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters must be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends, the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise Clubs, &c.

VIVIA:
A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

In accordance with the new arrangement, we design commencing this story by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," "The Lost Heiress," &c., in the first paper of January next.

It would be quite an accommodation to us, if persons getting up clubs for the new year, would send them in as early as possible, in order that we might be able to regulate the size of our edition. In view of the again prosperous condition of the country, and the small price of a paper like the Post, as compared with the high price of almost everything else, we think we ought to receive a liberal increase of our subscription list the coming season. With a little activity on the part of our numerous friends, at least ten thousand names might be added to our circulation during the next three months. Not that our present list is at all to be complained of, but that we like to keep Moving On, Moving On!

A NOVELET FROM MRS. HENTZ.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have made an arrangement with MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Marcus Warland," "Linda," "The Planter's Northern Bride," &c., for an original Novelet from her talented and popular pen, which we design laying before them at the close of Mrs. Southworth's novelet.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.

Just in season to give some color to the statement of the *London Times* that an invasion of Ireland was menaced from the United States, comes the Convention whose inharmonious and foolish proceedings are described in another column. This Convention professed to represent a large number of persons in fourteen states, and doubtless will be seized upon as a precious morsel by some of the English journals. And in truth it will be difficult to convince the people of Great Britain, that such high sounding doings as distinguished the meeting in question, are really of no practical moment whatever, except so far as they may affect the actors themselves.

The main business of the Convention may be characterized as the manufacture of "bulls." For instance, they declared their intention sacredly to respect the laws of the United States, while they at the same time avowed their willingness to organize an armed invasion of the territory of a nation with whom the United States are at peace. In order to please both Catholic and Protestant, they say:—

Let us assure the clergy of that faith to which the large majority of the Irish people subscribe, that instead of being the beggars of favor from England, as they are now, under an Irish Republic their spiritual influence will be anchored more deeply in the hearts of their people; *they will be in a position to exercise to the fullest their spiritual powers—untrammeled by unjust laws or a persecuting public opinion*; so also will the *same rights and privileges* be extended to the *clergy of every religious denomination.*

This reminds us of the orator who declared that the people should be willing to forfeit all their rights to preserve the rest. The Catholic clergy are promised all the platter to themselves, and every other church to have the same privilege. But how little the former desire such aid, is shown by the fact that they almost universally denounce the movement.

But as a proof of the absurd character of the whole affair, it contemplates the "emancipation" of those who consider themselves free, and simply beg to be let alone—and to take advantage of a war, which has no heartier advocates in the British realm than in Ireland itself. We cannot wonder at a somewhat sensible man, like Gen. Shields, writing of this matter in the following not very complimentary language:—"If there is one man in America, who thinks I am such a fool as to countenance such absurdity, he may cherish that belief. . . If my name be mentioned publicly in connection with it, you will do me the favor to contradict it."

As we said, instead of hurting the "Saxon," these gentlemen will more probably simply hurt themselves. What are we to think of such language as the following, addressed to "the Irish in the British Colonies *and elsewhere?*"

Under whatever flag they find shelter, or however prosperous their lot may be, their *natural home is in the sweet valleys of old Ireland*, beside her historic rivers, and under the shadow of her ancient pillar towers and cathedrals. The ashes of their kindred have hallowed the soil—it is the consecrated ground in which their own bones should be laid.

If this mean anything, it means that the "natural home" of Irishmen, wherever they may temporarily sojourn, must always be in Ireland—that America may be their residence, but cannot be their *home*. And if not their home, they will not act so much for her advantage, as with regard to the interests of the land from which they have wandered, and which they still consider as "consecrated ground." For our part, we are very free to say, that the foreigner who will not or cannot adopt the United States as his future home—throwing off all expectation or even desire of returning to the country in which he was born—making thus the interest of his adopted country the paramount consideration—has no claim to be admitted to the privileges of American citizenship, neither can he in good conscience assume the obligations which such citizenship imposes. If these gentlemen really mean what they say—if what we have quoted be anything more than a pretty poetical flourish—they should at once, in all honor and conscience, tear up their naturalization papers, and decline any further political identification with this country. But in charity to them, we prefer to believe that they are not in earnest, and that they really do not mean what they say.

☞ Mr. Augustine Duganne, the well-known writer, has been chosen to the legislature of New York by the largest vote ever cast in his district.

TROUBLE IN KANSAS.

The "Squatter Sovereignty" doctrine seems to be rapidly attaining its natural growth in Kansas. Throw a State at large on Pennsylvania into the arena, to be struggled for by [illegible], and the result in all probability will be civil war. The minority, after first trying the ballot box, will indignantly resort to the cartridge box.

The true "popular sovereignty" of the territory belonging to the Union, is, as we have heretofore said, in the people of the whole United States. And they have not the ability to divest themselves of it—for even "squatter sovereignty" itself, can only be established by the true popular sovereignty of the people of the whole Union, as represented in Congress. But true popular sovereignty acts a cowardly part, when it endeavors to throw off its shoulders a solemn duty, and leaves the institutions of a new State to be determined by the first rude and generally merely temporary wave of emigration.

Congress should do its duty without regard to sectional interests—but simply with the view of establishing in all new and virgin territory, the best, the wisest institutions which the progress of mankind has developed. If the institutions of some one State were, in the belief of Congress, superior to the institutions of the other thirty, the representatives of those thirty should throw aside all narrow, sectional jealousies, and bestow upon the new State which they were founding—not institutions similar to their own—but institutions similar to that one. We here express no opinion as to the different forms of society which prevail in the United States, but we cannot understand how any sensible, unprejudiced man can deny the principle of action which we have laid down:—That Congress is bound, in founding a new State, to inaugurate the most perfect, practicable institutions with which the progress of the race has made mankind acquainted.

But Congress has neglected its duty—and thrown the burthen off its shoulders, for such a settlement as comes from border contention and strife. The result is—that, according to the telegraph, eight hundred men are now in arms, refusing to obey—not the United States and its officers—but the laws and officers of a legislature which they assert does not represent the great majority of the people of the Territory. To be consistent—to carry out the "Squatter Sovereignty" doctrine to its legitimate results, the United States now should not interfere, except so far as to keep off the citizens of the adjoining States of Missouri and Iowa, but say—"Dear children, settle the matter among yourselves, with bowie knife and with rifle; and the party which triumphs I will consider the rightful government—until the next fight."

And really we should hardly be surprised if such was the practical conclusion of the administration—its interference being environed with obvious difficulties. For, if the party which rallies to the support of the "Legislature" be the majority, and the "Convention" party be the minority, what need is to fly to the help of the former? And shall the friends and advocates of "Squatter Sovereignty" aid a confessed minority? Thus, it will be seen, there is a difficulty in the way, growing out of the very principles of the new-fangled doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty" itself. Our fathers, in universally acting upon the principle that the Popular Sovereignty of the Territories resided in the whole people of the United States, were not so much out of the way after all. Our modern statesmen have attempted to abandon the old landmarks—and here are the settlers of Kansas, face to face in civil war.

THE CITY AND COUNTRY PRESS.—Our neighbor, "The Village Record," published in West Chester, says:—

So many worthless newspapers are now attempted to be palmed upon the community, that great discrimination is requisite not to be imposed upon. Every day brings out a prospectus heralding some new paper, promising to open the eyes of the blind, and to do wonderful things to cure the body politic of inherent evils. There is charlantry in every business, and the public is imagined by designing demagogues are very easily gulled, and ever ready, like gudgeons, to swallow that which is new. * * * Among the weekly literary and family papers, the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, stands at the head, and has been always deservedly popular. We are always friendly to promoting the circulation of well conducted foreign papers; they in no wise supercede the local papers, but by encouraging an appetite for reading, create a demand for them. Of course no intelligent man expects his own local or county paper to be presented at the same price as a distant or city paper. In the very nature of things that is impossible.

The "Village Record" is an old, popular and influential press, and we are pleased to have its testimony as to the fact that the city papers really create a demand for the local ones. It has always seemed to us that this must be the case, especially when the local papers are properly conducted. We observe in the Record, as in other well managed country papers, a large amount of local news; and we think it is by the industrious collection of such news, and by making themselves the vehicles for the political, social, and business interests of their neighborhoods, that they render themselves absolutely indispensable to the districts in which they are located. And then again, it is undeniably true that the appetite for information grows with what it feeds on; and that the man who takes one paper is more apt to take another, than his unreading neighbor is to take one.

A HASTY PROCEEDING.—We are pleased to hear from Washington, that the recognition of the Walker government of Nicaragua, by Mr. Wheeler, has been disapproved of by the Administration. Walker being an adventurer from this country, the hurried recognition of his success by Mr. Wheeler, is calculated to expose the United States to jealous animadversions, if not to just suspicion. Nothing can be truer than that it is the policy of this government to acknowledge the powers that be in all foreign governments, without regard to the justice of the claim by which they hold the supreme authority—but in all cases, and especially in a case like the present, for the reason we have above given, should sufficient time be allowed to elapse, to test the probable permanency of a revolutionary government.

It appears by the latest news from Central America, that there was a strong disposition manifested in the other States to unite against Walker. It cannot be wondered at that late events have promoted the growth of a natural jealousy of foreign intervention. And if this feeling be not strong enough to unite the Central Americans in a government sufficiently powerful to hold in contempt the filibustering attacks of a few hundred Americans, we confess we see very little hope for such a people. We may pity, but no power on earth can easily help a race, so destitute of the good sense and ability to help themselves.

MINNESOTA.—We see it stated in the "Minnesota Times," that Dr. J. B. Phillips, of Chester County, Penn., whose resemblance to Mazzini recently got him into difficulties in Switzerland, has purchased 5,000 acres in the Cottage Grove District, near St. Paul, for $25,000. Dr. Phillips thinks that Real Estate rules lower by 25 to 50 per cent. in and about St. Paul than in any town he has visited of like character and prospects west of the Alleghanies. It might be well, therefore, for emigrants "Westward ho" to give the place a look.

By the way, one gentleman of our acquaintance, after spending a year or two in California, and then travelling through the West on a tour of examination, has quietly gone back to the old homestead in Chester County. Taking society and other things into consideration, he prefers the East. So our Western friends must not think they are to be allowed to run over the course without opposition.

THE PASTE DIAMONDS.—It is stated that many of the snuff-boxes given away by titled personages, are ornamented with imitation diamonds, and not the real article—Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, being the discoverer of this adroit mode of reconciling the munificence of a prince, with the exigencies of an embarrassed exchequer. As a number of such articles have been bestowed upon American citizens in recent years, would it not be well for them to institute an examination into the quality of the royal gifts which they so highly value? To be sure, you "should not look the gift horse in the mouth," as a general thing, but in this case it may be considered excusable. What are they, gentlemen—like the monarchs themselves, mere paste, or the true, innately royal brilliants?

THE KEYSTONE ASSOCIATION OF LOUISIANA.—We are pleased to learn that the natives of Pennsylvania and their descendants, now residing in Louisiana, have formed themselves into an association with the above title, to keep up their love for the old mother commonwealth. Applications for membership may be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. E. C. Hancock, 22 Camp street, New Orleans. Dr. B. Stille is President of the Society. It has our best wishes for a long and useful life.

LIBERAL UNCLE SAMUEL.—The *yearly* expense of maintaining our twelve military posts and two thousand men in New Mexico, is said to be about one and a half millions of dollars, or seven hundred and fifty dollars per man.

GOLD AND GRAIN.

The following statistics, said to be from an "entirely reliable source," are worth perusing:—

[illegible]

"Now, comparing the above products of the soil with the yield of California gold above presented, and the result is not a little remarkable. It will be seen that our crop of Indian corn—if we value it at but half the present market prices—amounts to more than all the gold from California, and that our wheat crop, at the most moderate estimate, is worth as much as all the gold flow in the country; while the modest growth of oats, with all reasonable allowance for exaggeration, more than equals any two years' product of the California mines."

We would add to the above that the increase of our stock of gold from eighty-six millions to two hundred and forty-one millions in some seven years—with a probably corresponding increase of the paper currency, based upon the increase of gold—explains in a considerable degree the rise in prices of grain, lands, houses, wages, &c. Doubtless there has been a decrease in the value of the currency, owing to its abundance, as compared with land and the various products of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

But, recurring to the value of the great agricultural crops of the country, as compared with the gold crop—who is not both surprised and gratified to find that the statistics manifest so clearly the greater importance of the former. The yellow gold of the harvest field, is the true gold after all.

OPINION AND ACTION.—A correspondent comments upon our assertion that "it is the boast of the North that opinion and speech are free," [illegible] Action is not free in the North, when in opposition to the [illegible] he, in order that those who think certain laws unjust or inexpedient, may have an opportunity of trying to convince the people that such laws ought to be altered. Jefferson said, "Error of opinion may be safely tolerated, if reason is left free to combat it." And Milton said, and with deep philosophy too—"Give me the right to think, to utter and to argue freely, according to my conscience"—not somebody else's conscience—"above all other liberties." In truth, liberty of speech and liberty of the press, lie at the foundation of all liberties—and no nation is really free, whatever it may think or say, without them.

THE LATE CONCORDAT.—The recent Concordat between the Pope and the Austrian government, admits the rule of the church to an extent we believe never before tolerated. The Bishops may divide livings, prohibit dangerous books, and watch over religious instruction in all public and private schools. No one may teach theology without their permission. Clerical matters are withdrawn from civil control—and the Bishops have full right to punish the clergy who may offend against the Church. No sale of church property can take place without the consent of the Pope. In fact, almost every barrier against ecclesiastical encroachment seems to have been deliberately set aside, without compulsion, and either from motives of policy, or by the mere force of superstition. Austria thus presents—unless the whole matter is grossly misunderstood—a singular contrast to France, Spain and Sardinia.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—It is reported that Mr. Crampton, the English Minister, has been dismissed by the President. The announcement however, is probably premature. The British Ministry, it is stated, have not positively refused to make an apology for Mr. Crampton's course—but have presented an argument upon the question, designed to gain time, and thus defer the evil day in the hope that something may turn up. We think John Bull would show his sense by apologizing for the conduct of his agents in the most courteous, free and unembarrassed manner. There is nothing like a profound bow and a fine flow of words to cover a retreat from a blunder. If properly done, it almost makes the accusing party ashamed of himself, as if he had taken up a trifle too warmly. We wonder at Lord Palmerston—we thought that if he had any good quality in the world, it was Tact.

MORE'S NEW MAP.—We have been shown one of these large new maps, and are well pleased with it. It represents a surface of nearly nine millions of square miles, including, besides the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canadas, Mexico, the Central American States, Cuba, Gulf of Mexico, &c. The six proposed routes for a railroad to the Pacific are also given. There is likewise a map of the whole world, on a smaller scale, in which the American Continent is displayed so as to show its capabilities for being the carrier of the commerce between Eastern Asia and Western Europe. The work will be sold by subscription, and the public duly called upon. See advertisement.

DEATH OF MR. SIMMONS.—Mr. A. H. Simmons, one of the proprietors of the Public Ledger, of this city, departed this life on Sunday morning last. He was 48 years of age, and had been connected with the Ledger since its small beginning in 1836. He lived long enough to see an enterprise to which he had devoted much energy and industry, fully and lucratively established. We were not personally acquainted with Mr. Simmons, but he is described by his associates as a man of warm heart and scrupulous integrity.

OUR IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.—According to the forthcoming report of the Secretary of the Treasury, our imports for the year ending June 30, 1855, were $261,468,520—while our exports were $275,156,846; being an excess of exports of over thirteen millions. Of the exports, over twenty-eight millions were of foreign production. Such an excess of exports is a very favorable indication. More than half the exports, and three-fourths of the imports, are credited to New York and Massachusetts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—We have received the first number of this new periodical. It is embellished with well engraved portraits of "The Arctic Explorers," a picture of the "Kansas Constitutional Convention," &c.

General News.

A LONDON FOG.—Few persons can form any idea of the density of a London fog, from what they occasionally see in this country. On the 15th and 16th of November a dense fog prevailed in London and its vicinity, during which steamboats and omnibuses ceased to run, hacks and cabs got on the side-walks, numbers of persons walked over the wharves into the Thames, and were drowned; similar accidents took place in the locks and basins of the several docks, with many fatal results; persons were stopped and robbed in the streets with impunity, and several shops were plundered in day time, without a possibility of efficient interference by the police, so dense was the misty pall that overspread the monster city.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—It has just been ascertained, beyond the possibility of cavil, that a despatch has been received from Mr. Buchanan relative to the Crampton difficulty, the tenor of which is that the British Government, in a courteous, but positive manner, decline giving such explanations as were demanded by our Government, regarding the alleged violation of our neutrality laws by British agents. Another account says that they give too many explanations, and confuse the whole affair as much as possible.

AFFAIRS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—The governments of San Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica, have strongly protested to this Government against the recognition by Mr. Wheeler, U. S. Minister, of the present Nicaraguan government. The government of San Salvador predicts that the present order of things in Nicaragua will not long continue, for reasons stated, and declare themselves resolved to exterminate all foreign adventurers who may invade their soil for revolutionary purposes.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN OUR GRAIN MARKET.—The Rochester Union states that the agents of the French Emperor have been largely engaged this fall in purchasing wheat in the West, on his account. They have purchased 900,000 bushels, of which 650,000 came to Buffalo, and 250,000 bushels to Oswego. All but 40,000 went down to the Erie Canal. The same agents are still buying in Illinois and other Western States, to go down the Mississippi and out by New Orleans.

FACTS FOR CONSIDERATION.—Canada is rapidly becoming more independent of England. Out of 363,000 pounds of tea imported into Canada last year, only 66,000 came by way of sea, the remainder through the United States. Of £391,000 worth of sugar, only £145,000 worth came by sea. Of molasses, only £26,000 out of an import of £64,000. Of coffee, only £5,900 out of an import of £42,000.

FROM KANSAS.

The Kansas Free-State papers and correspondents give the following account of the difficulties in the Territory, differing very materially from the accounts of the Pro-Slavery party, published last week. They say:—

The scene of the [illegible] Hickory Point, a [illegible] south from Lawrence, near the Wakarusa River. In that settlement there are several families of Missourians—Pro-Slavery men. One of these, a Mr. Coleman, [illegible] claim" he now holds, and [illegible] has been occupying [illegible] house of another man. Lately there has been some difficulty between this Coleman and a young man named Chas. W. Dow, and [illegible] who had a claim near [illegible] that Coleman and one or two of his neighbors and friends have burned a Suckin on Dow's land, cutting the timber therefrom. This, of course, gave offence, and Dow prohibited them repeating the trespass. It appears, however, that they had made up their minds to do so. On last Thursday Mr. Dow had gone to the blacksmith-shop, which is near Coleman's residence, and while there met with Coleman and four of his friends. One of them drew a rifle on him, and threatened to shoot him on the spot, but finally set down his weapon without injuring any one. Mr. Dow started to leave, and got away a few rods, when his attention was directed towards the shop by the explosion of a percussion cap. Looking around, he received a charge of buck shot in his bosom from Coleman, and fell dead upon the spot. Coleman immediately fled.

A meeting of citizens held on the spot where the affair occurred to inquire into the case, pronounced the act a cold-blooded murder on the part of Coleman, and charged four men, named Hague, Bulkley, Moody and Wagner, with being accessories. A series of resolutions was passed, and a Committee appointed to investigate still further, to search out the offenders, and to devise means to bring them to justice. Sheriff Jones with a posse of fourteen men, arrested Branson, at whose house Dow lived, for the purpose of having him give security to keep the peace, but while proceeding to Lecompton, Branson was rescued by an equal party of his neighbors. Jones sent to Pawnee, Missouri, for aid, declaring that the Governor had assured him the assistance of 10,000 men if required.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 6.—The accounts from Kansas state that 800 men, armed with Sharpe's rifles, had assembled at Lawrence. They have declared themselves willing that the Sheriff should peaceably search for the escaped prisoners, and that they would not commence hostilities, but act on the defensive to the last. Pomeroy, who had escaped from his captors, is now in Lawrence.

It is said that the pro-slavery party have 500 men in Franklin, and 300 in Lecompton and Douglas. It is thought a fight will ensue before the matter is settled.

(From the Washington Union, Thursday.)

THREATENED REBELLION IN KANSAS.—Rumors have passed into circulation to the effect that the President has authorized the employment of the troops of the United States in the Territory of Kansas, to aid the local authorities in the execution of the laws. No such authority has been given. In order to show exactly what has transpired, we have obtained permission to publish the following despatches:

WESTPORT, (Mo.) Dec. 1, 1855.

I desire authority to call on the United States forces at Leavenworth, to preserve the peace of this Territory, to protect the Sheriff of Douglas county, and enable him to execute legal process in his hands. If the laws are not executed, civil war is inevitable. An armed force of one thousand men, with all the implements of war, it is said, are at Lawrence. They have rescued a prisoner from the Sheriff, burnt houses, and threatened the lives of citizens. Immediate assistance is desired. This is the only means to save bloodshed. Particulars by mail.
WILSON SHANNON.

To his Excellency, FRANKLIN PIERCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.

Your despatch received. All the power vested in the Executive will be exerted to preserve order and enforce the laws. On the receipt of your letter, the preliminary measures necessary to be taken before calling out troops will be promptly executed, and you will then be fully advised.
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

To WILSON SHANNON, Governor of the Territory of Kansas.

It is to be observed that the present is the first occasion on which the interposition of the President has been invoked in reference to any difficulty arising under the law for the organization of the Territory of Nebraska and Kansas. In fact, there has been great misapprehension in the public mind as to the powers of the Executive in this relation. Those powers are strictly defined by law, and very limited. Under the Constitution, it is true, the President is to take care that the laws be faithfully executed; but his authority on this subject is to be construed in subordination to the provision of the Constitution, which declares that Congress shall have power to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions. Accordingly, Congress has enacted laws applicable in terms to the contingency of insurrection in any State against the government thereof. The present case is one of resistance to the laws of the Territory, that of Kansas, to which the same rule of action applies, however, as in the case of a State, in consideration that by the act of Congress organizing this Territory, as well as others, it is provided that the Constitution, and all laws of the United States which are not locally inapplicable, shall have the same force and effect within the said Territory of Kansas as elsewhere within the United States, with exception of a single clause of an Act not material to the question. Assuming this, then, the statute provision of the Act of 1795, is, that in case of insurrection in any State, (or Territory,) it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, on application of the Legislature thereof, or the Executive when the Legislature cannot be convened, to call forth such number of the militia of any other State or States as may be applied for, as he may judge sufficient to repress such insurrection.

By a subsequent Act—that of 1807—it is provided that in all cases of insurrection or obstruction to the laws of any State or Territory where it is lawful for the President to call forth the militia, for the purpose of suppressing such insurrection, or causing the laws to be duly executed, it shall be lawful for him to employ for the same purposes such part of land or naval force of the United States as shall be judged necessary, having first observed all the prerequisites of the law in that respect. Among the prerequisites here referred to, it is well understood, is the issue of a proclamation commanding the insurgents to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within a limited time. The proclamation must undoubtedly precede the actual use of the military force, but not necessarily the measures requisite to prepare and assemble it in order to enforce obedience to the proclamation.

It is further to be observed that the present, in so far as the facts appear, is resistance, not to any law of the United States, but to a law of the Territory, and the power of the President is greater in the former than in the latter case; for if obstruction to an Act of Congress were involved, the marshal of the Territory might summon the *posse comitatus* to aid him in maintaining his authority—that is, the entire population of the Territory. But here, the law to be executed being one of the Territory, and the ministerial officer, the Sheriff of a county, nothing regarding it can be done by the President until his interposition be invoked for the emergency of insurrection, and at the call either of the Legislature or the Governor of the Territory. In the former case the President might give direction, but in the latter he cannot.

The Louisville (Ky.) Courier has additional private despatches, which we give below:

INDEPENDENCE, Mo. Dec. 3.

We have just received reliable intelligence from Kansas Territory, which increased the high excitement already existing here. You have been apprised of the origin of the difficulty—that of the arrest of a prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, by a party of fifteen to twenty of the citizens of Lawrence and its vicinity, and their refusal to deliver any of the parties concerned in the mob and outrages up to any of the officers of the territory unless it be the Governor, or to those of the General Government. This determination is strengthened by the course pursued by Gen. Lane, and, also, by the editor of the paper at Lawrence, and a few other men of a similar stripe, who are continually making harangues to the populace, and urging them to make preparations for a fight.

On Saturday night Gen. Lane delivered a speech of this character, which was received with the greatest demonstration of enthusiasm. Governor Shannon, seeing such a state of things existing, very properly ordered out the militia of the Territory, who did not respond very cordially to his wishes. Many of the citizens of the Western border counties in Missouri, willing to aid in quelling the disturbance, offered their assistance, and are now in readiness to go to the scene of difficulty at a moment's warning. Many have already gone from Lafayette and adjoining counties, well prepared for the emergency.

The Governor's party were from 250 to 300 men; they are at Franklin, a few miles distant, awaiting a greater force.

Reports have reached us that there are 1,000 men in Lawrence, organized and ready for resistance, all armed with Sharpe's rifles, and that they are entrenching themselves as rapidly as they possibly can.

From another source we learn that the better men in Lawrence say they are willing to give up all concerned in the affair, if the legally authorized persons seek it; otherwise they will resist to desperation. Governor Shannon in response said: "Why not deliver them to the Sheriff or to the U. S. Marshal, who have already demanded them?" Trouble will no doubt result from it, as much excitement exists on both sides.

A meeting is now being held in Kansas, to see if some measure cannot be adopted to terminate the matter peaceably, if possible, but forcibly, if necessary.

On Saturday, Governor Shannon applied to President Pierce, by telegraph, for assistance from the U. S. troops at Fort Riley and Leavenworth, and until such aid is granted, nothing will be done, unless the excitement of the parties concerned will bring on the crisis before. If so, many valuable lives will be lost.

INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 3, P. M.—There is great excitement all through this upper country, and overwhelming numbers are pouring from every direction in the Territory to sustain the laws.

Gen. Lane is entrenching himself and throwing up breast works. He is also burning beacon lights, which can be seen twenty-five miles from Lawrence, and bids defiance.

KANSAS, Dec. 6.

Last night, about 11 o'clock, the pro-slavery party, encamped on the Wakarusa, by direction of Governor Shannon, arrested Gen. Pomeroy as he was passing the camp on his way from Lawrence to this place, and found important despatches for the East about his person. They will probably hold him in custody until order is restored in the Territory.

Threats have been made by a number of people in the neighboring towns to tear down the American Hotel at this place, under the impression that it belongs to the Emigrant Aid Society, but the citizens here will defend it, as they know it does not.

Two hundred men, three pieces of artillery, and one thousand stand of arms passed through Independence yesterday from Liberty and [illegible]

LATER FROM EUROPE.

[illegible] attack. Paris correspondence of the London Globe (ministerial paper) says that, although winter stops field operations in the Crimea, it is intended to bombard the northern side of Sebastopol, to [illegible] in the harbor.

Letters state that the town of Mariampol, on the north coast of the sea of Azoff, was bombarded by the Allies on the 31st of October. One hundred shells were thrown and the town [illegible] the Austrian flag over the warehouse, when the firing ceased. It was rumored that Gen. Wrangle had attacked the allied position of the Straits of Yenikale. The Allies had, however, 20,000 men there, and expected to be reinforced by 15,000.

The Invalide Russe announced that large numbers of the allied forces embarked at Eupatoria on the 14th inst., and sailed westward.

Three magazines, belonging to the French artillery, were blown up near Inkermann, killing 20 soldiers and 2 officers, and wounding 100 soldiers and 10 officers. The magazines contained 30,000 kilogrammes of powder, 600,000 cartridges, and 300 charged shells, all of which were destroyed.

A terribly destructive fire occurred in Paris, by which the Government bakery was consumed. It contained 28,000 quintals of corn, and an equal quantity of flour and biscuits were burned.

A despatch from Berlin states, that on the 9th inst., by order of the Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg was declared to be no longer in a state of siege. The inhabitants of that city have, therefore, to a certain extent, been relieved by the withdrawal of the Allied fleets from the Baltic.

The British engineers in Sebastopol were taking measures to destroy the ships sunk in the roads. It having been found impossible to get them afloat, they are to be blown up by means of submarine batteries. At night boats are sent to explore the harbor, and the position of each ship is now pretty correctly ascertained.

A large amount of Russian grain, on the coast near Gheoretskiam, had been destroyed by an Allied flotilla, sent for the purpose. The grain was intended for the army in the Crimea, and was packed in six tiers, which extended along the coast for two miles.

The Czar has dismissed Prince Menschikoff as chief of his staff, and appointed Gen. Odlenburg in his stead.

Advices from Kars state that Gen. Mouravieff, overcome by his defeat before Kars, had become insane, and Gen. Batmoff had been summoned to assume the command.

Sir Charles Napier was elected to represent Southwark.

An important announcement was made at the meeting of Poles assembled on Saturday to solemnize the anniversary of Lord Dudley Stuart's death. On that occasion Count Zamoyski announced to the meeting that he had that very day received authority from the British Government to form a Polish division, consisting in the first instance, of two regiments of cavalry, two of infantry, and a battalion of rifles. *The division was to be attached to the Turkish Contingent, and would be nominally a part of the army of the Sultan, though paid by the British Government.* So sanguine was the Count of the undying hatred of the Poles towards their old oppressors, that he anticipates no difficulty in the immediate embodiment of these regiments, and he added that he had himself made it a condition with the government, that no bounty should be offered to the men, as "the Poles are expected to volunteer."

THE BALTIC.—Admirals Dundas and Penaud, with their flag-ships and part of the fleet, are in the Bay of Kiel. A steamer is detailed to watch for an American clipper, supposed to be in the Baltic with a cargo of revolvers.

Respecting Canrobert's mission to Sweden, we have only a Paris rumor, but the rumor is important, and is as follows: That terms of a military convention are agreed to; that Sweden will furnish a contingent to act with the Allies, next spring, if peace be not previously restored, and that an army of French, English and Swedes will be sent to Courland to force Prussia and Austria to declare themselves—and in return for her alliance, the Allies will guarantee Finland to her.

Canrobert has been overwhelmed with honors. His mission to Denmark is now the great point of interest. Want of success there might neutralize the advantages gained in Sweden, as it is not believed that these two Powers could adopt different lines of policy.

The London Morning Post, however, contradicts the Times with regard to the alleged Swedish alliance, and says that the Times' details of a military convention, and its assertion of the adhesion of Denmark, are without foundation.

Rumors of a disposition on the part of the Russian Government to make the first advances to negotiate for peace, continue to prevail, but, excepting reliable information that the mercantile classes in Russia are weary of war, there is no apparent ground for the rumor. It is, however, confidently reported that M. de Munster, the Military Envoy of Prussia at St. Petersburg, had visited the Czar at Nicolaieff with a view of inducing him to recognize certain conditions of peace, such as would be laid before the French and English Cabinets. The Czar listened favorably to M. de Munster's propositions.

The Prussian Cabinet is now in possession of the views of the Emperor Alexander, and is empowered to make them known to the Western Powers, who, on their part, have not refused to listen to them, though at the same time they have declared them to be insufficient. The great fact is that negotiations between Russia and Prussia are still proceeding.

The Court of Berlin is making the greatest efforts to induce the Czar to consent to such terms as will really lead to a pacific result. As the Prussian Cabinet is sufficiently well acquainted with the firm resolution of the Allied Powers, the continuation of the negotiation affords some ground for hoping that there is at least a chance of peace.

Constantinople correspondence describes a bad state of affairs there. Murders and robberies were taking place in the open streets, with a great and increasing fanaticism against the Christians, especially the French. The Allied Commandants have called on the Turkish Government to prevent further outrages, under a threat of the Allies taking immediately the police of the city into their own hands. Several of the Tunisian mutineers have been condemned to death, and the rest of them will be sent to Batoum and Souchum Kale. The number of French killed in the recent riot was more considerable than at first reported.

The London Times publishes elaborate editorial calculations, showing that the total available strength of Russia is 84 per thousand souls; and that she has already used 58, which allows only ten months more, at the past ratio, to exhaust her last man; her last cash rouble being already expended. A general armament of the Russian Empire is talked of.

A dispatch from Berlin, of the 10th, says the Russian loan with German capitalists has been concluded.

The Czar arrived at St. Petersburg on the 19th in good health. He has extended the inducements to poor nobles to enter the army.

Henry Labouchere has been sworn in as Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Duke of Argyle is now Postmaster General, retaining in the meantime the office of Lord of the Privy Seal, which office rumor says, will be given to the Duke of New Castle.

The number of Manchester operatives on a strike is 3,400, of whom 1,700 are thrown out of work by the stoppage of the other hands. They all conduct themselves peacefully.

A petition is circulating in Liverpool, for the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland.

The King of Sardinia had arrived in Paris, and met with a favorable reception. The Pope's Nuncio left the city, in order that he might not come in contact with the excommunicated sovereign.

It is reported that the Emperor had invited the Pope to Paris to baptize his coming child.

All the French gunboats and mortar vessels are wintering at Cherbourg, and the ships of the Baltic fleet are expected there.

The Rothschilds have purchased the Russian prize ship Sitka, taken at Petropaulowski, for £188,000.

The International Convention on a Uniformity of Weights and Measures, has held its third meeting in the Exposition Building. An address from the American Geographical and Statistical Society was read.

The Spanish Government are reported to be unanimous in favor of joining the Alliance, but the occasion is deferred until Spain can appear as a great nation. At present she has no spare money nor soldiers.

There was every chance that the Sound Dues Conference would be opened at Copenhagen on the 20th of November. Russia was the only power that would send a Special Envoy, the other governments accrediting their resident Ambassadors, assisted by persons conversant with the subject. It had been settled that Russia might take part in the Conference simultaneously with the powers with whom she is at war.

It is confidently stated that Lord Palmerston has determined upon the immediate dissolution of Parliament, and that a new Parliament will be called together in February.

Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley died at Beyrout, on the 29th ult.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 12.—The last accounts from Asia, represent Omar Pacha as expecting a battle, Gen. Mouravieff having detached a division of his army, which was making forced marches for Kutar.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

From the London Times, Nov. 20.

We have not had long to wait for the verification of the opinion which we expressed a little while ago as to the true origin of that warlike spirit which seems so suddenly and so opportunely to have taken possession of the government of the United States. The threatening and insulting tone adopted by the Government of the United States in their recent communications with England, is neither the result of a frenzy nor of a real and disinterested desire for war, but is in very truth as much an electioneering device as the issuing of a placard entreating the independent voters not to be deceived, but to stand fast by their indestructible principles, or to throwing open the portals of the public houses for the refreshment of the said independent gentlemen.

The great constituency of the whole United States being far too large and intelligent to be influenced by the grosser arts of corruption, and several of the present government having their eyes on the reversionary occupation of the White House, the power that is placed in their hands for the public good is abused and perverted for the purpose of influencing the coming appointment of President, and, although the end sought be not war itself, but only so much warlike excitement as may be required to give votes and popularity in the coming contest, yet [illegible] justify or reconcile a Government actuated by such motives and objects.

Were a warlike demonstration against England really a portion of the foreign policy of the United States for the purpose of carrying out objects however visionary or wrong-headed, we should know what to do and how to deal with it. We should concede and give way if concession were possible and honorable, and if not, we should endeavor to convince those who seek a quarrel with us that they have more to lose than to gain by forcing us to the final arbitrament of war. But what can we do with a government whose foreign policy is really no policy at all, but merely an electioneering trick, which, so far from representing its own citizens, is really playing us off against them, and seeking to put us in the most invidious light, not from any deep-seated or well-grounded animosity against us, but merely that it may make a good thing out of the excited feelings of its own subjects?

We turn from this painful exhibition of the wanton and narrow-minded selfishness; this sporting with the welfare of two great nations, to the more agreeable contemplation of the manner in which a free press is made to temper the evils and irregularities of a free government. In the pages of independent American journals, we find the strongest and heartiest reprobation of this unworthy and unprincipled policy of getting up a war for the sake of an election, exposed with the utmost freedom and boldness; every motive is unveiled, every pretence is analyzed, and the whole imposture is laid bare to the eyes of the nation with a force and clearness which, we would fondly hope, rob it of every chance of success.

It is thus that in free discussion we find the remedy for such evils as grow side by side with the enormous advantages of the free and unfettered action of large masses of men. If the American government assumes the ignoble office of deluding its subjects, it is at any rate gratifying to think that there is a twin power in the States—a free and enlightened press—capable of restraining this license within the bounds of reason and moderation. Against the conduct of the government of General Pierce with regard to this country, the true friend and well-wisher of the American Republic—against the insulting missives of his Foreign Secretary, and the still more insulting manifestoes of his Attorney General, we confidently appeal to the good sense of the American nation itself, which we are convinced can neither wish to fasten a causeless quarrel upon a friendly and powerful State, nor to see its institutions degraded in the eyes of foreign nations by being made subservient to the greed and selfishness of factions or individuals.

STILL LATER.

The Ariel from Havre, brings one day's later news. She sailed from Havre on the 23d ult., and left Cowes on the morning of the 24th. She brings the second edition of the London Times of Saturday, the 24th. Consols were quoted at London, on Saturday, at 88¼ for money.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—A letter from Kamiesch, Oct. 23d, states that some trifling engagements had taken place at Kertsch, between the advanced posts of the Russian forces, under Gen. Wrangle, and the Anglo-Turkish contingent, and that the latter were hard pressed and had sent to Balaklava for reinforcements.

Kinburn is now protected by the squadron of Allied frigates, the floating batteries in addition to the permanent fortifications. The Allies fear that the Russians will make an effort to retake it as soon as the river freezes over.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times states positively, that the preliminary steps towards the realization of the first and fourth guarantee points are about to be taken. The first point relates to the Principalities, and the other to the future position of the Christian population in Turkey.

Conferences relative to the re-organization of Moldavia and Wallachia would begin at Constantinople as soon as the Austrian Envoy, Baron Prokesch, reaches that city.

The Berlin correspondent of the Times states that it is rumored that the reported Swedish alliance is doubted there. The same correspondent confirms the failure of the harvest in Russia. Large quantities of corn are being imported by the Russian Government from Prussia.

The same correspondent states that the United States Government had given large orders to a Rhenish house for the delivery next spring of bullet-proof cuirasses!

The Belgian Minister of War has determined upon increasing the defences of Antwerp by building several additional forts.

Gen. Simpson and suite arrived at Marseilles on the 23d of November.

The French squadron under Admiral Bruat, with the Imperial Guards on board, had been spoken in the Greek Archipelago, on the way home.

Intelligence from Kars, states that the garrison had received a supply of provisions from a captured Russian convoy.

The report of the malady of Gen. Mouravieff is not confirmed.

A writer in the London Times, suggests the employment of the fugitive slaves in Canada, on the cotton plantations of Jamaica, as a partial remedy against England's dependence upon America for the necessary supply of cotton.

The London Times of Saturday, in the city article dated Saturday evening, says that Consols for money opened at 88¾, whence they advanced to 88¾, but subsequently relapsed to 88¼, which was the last official price.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Nov. 23.—The circular of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co. reports the cotton market dull with but little speculative demand. Fair qualities have declined ⅛ a ¼d. and lower grades about ¼d. The sales for the week have been 35,000 bales, including 1,500 to speculators and 5,000 to exporters. The quotations are as follows:—New Orleans Fair 6¾d., New Orleans Middling 5¾d. Uplands Fair, 5½d. Uplands Middling 5¼d. The stock of American cotton in port is about [illegible] bales.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report breadstuffs as having slightly declined. Wheat is about 2d. lower. Flour 6d. and Corn 6d. The weather had been quite favorable. Ohio Flour is quoted at 44s. [illegible] Western Canal 43s. 6d. a 44s. Philadelphia and Baltimore, 43s. a 43s. 6d. White Wheat, 12s. a 12s. 6d. Red Wheat, 11s. a 11s. White Corn, [illegible] yellow, [illegible] mixed Corn, [illegible]. The market closed dull for all descriptions. The circulars very generally report a decline, but the above are the quotations.

PROVISIONS.—The provision market closed steady, prices being stiffer, but not quotably higher. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote Beef and Pork steady at unchanged prices, awaiting the new American supplies. Bacon was steady. Lard exhibits an advancing tendency, according to some circulars, though Messrs. Milligan, Evans & Co. quote a decline of 2s. Cheese is easier, but not quotably lower.

NAVAL STORES.—The demand for rosin is limited, and the quotations are dull, at 4s. [illegible] There is no Spirits of Turpentine or Tar offering.

OILS.—Linseed Oil is quiet, at 44s.

RICE is active, but prices are unchanged. No sales of Carolina are reported.

TEA is quiet.

FREIGHTS from Liverpool to the United States are dull, but rates are unchanged.

LONDON PRODUCE MARKET, Nov. 23.—The Broker's Circular quotes Naval Stores as having declined, with a dull market.

Baring Brothers quote Iron as firm. Welsh bars on board ship are quoted at £8 a £8 10s. Welsh rails on board ship, £8 5s. a £8 10s.

BREADSTUFFS.—White Wheat is quoted at 82s. a 85s. Red Wheat, 80s. a 82s.

SUGAR.—The market has declined from 3s. a 6s. and is unsettled.

COFFEE.—The market is quiet, but firm.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Nov. 23.—The money market is more stringent, but Consols have advanced, owing to the favorable rumors with reference to the resumption of peace negotiations. Consols are quoted at 88¼ a 88⅜.

The Bank rates are wholly unchanged. The stock of bullion in the Bank of England has increased £40,000.

American Stocks are quiet, and the quotations without change. U. S. Bonds, 6s., 1868, 98. Maryland Sterlings, 91. Penn. Railroad Bonds, 91. Penn's 5's, 73a74. Penn's Bonds, 80. Va. Bonds, 87. Va. Sterlings, 83a84. Penn's Central, first mortgage, 86a88. Illinois Central 66a71; do. Freelands, 71a73.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PRESIDENTIAL CHALLENGE.—Mr. Daniel Pratt, of Boston, who dates at the Astor House, and signs himself "The Great American Traveler," says in a letter to the New York papers: "I challenge in good faith the Hon. George Law, to meet me in some good Hall in this city, to give the people an opportunity of judging who is the most available man for the President of the U. S. A." It is to be hoped that Law will accept the challenge.

TEXAS.—Several of the papers are urging the Legislature to instruct Gen. Houston to resign his seat in the Senate, on account of his "anti-Southern" sentiments.

VIRGINIA.—The House of Delegates of Virginia have appointed a committee to provide for the adoption of more effectual measures to prevent the escape of slaves, and inquire into the expediency of retaliatory measures against the Northern States.

GEORGIA.—The Savannah election resulted in the election of Anderson, American, for Mayor, by 24 majority. Ten Democrats and two Americans were elected Aldermen.

WASHINGTON.—Francis P. Blair, formerly editor of the "Globe" under Jackson's administration, has written a letter to the Republican Association, in response to an invitation to preside over that organization, taking strong grounds against the extension of slavery, and urging the Republicans to unite firmly in an effort to secure freedom to Kansas.

VIRGINIA.—The Legislature of Virginia have re-elected the Hon. James M. Mason U. S. Senator, for six years from the 4th of March next, over Summers, (American,) by 58 majority on joint vote.

NEW YORK.—The whole vote of New York City and County for Judge of the Court of Appeals, long term, is now returned by the New York Canvassers for Samuel S. Selden. This will compel the State Canvassers to give the certificate to Mr. Campbell, (Amer.) Mr. Selden also loses the vote of Duchess County, which is returned for Samuel L. Selden. We should hardly think that Mr. Campbell would avail himself of such a mere informality.

UTAH.—The Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* says that he has conversed with several eminent men from the Land of Saints, who say that Utah will apply for admission into the Union as a slave State. One of them is the principal merchant in Utah, and holds no less a station than that of Apostle in the Mormon Church. He declared that he and all the Apostles—there are twelve of them, in imitation of the twelve Christian Apostles—owned slaves; and that Brigham Young owned slaves.

DIFFICULTY AT ANTIGUA.—A colored cook of the brigantine Loango, of Philadelphia, was recently removed on shore by the authorities of Antigua, it being reported that he was held against his will as a slave. The Captain says that "the cook protested over and over again that he was a free man, but he was by force removed on shore, and, with $150 in double eagles, and some small gold, is now taken care of by his friends."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible] depressed, and prices are drooping. Lead is scarce and wanted. Leather is dull. In Naval Stores there has been a steady business doing at former rates. Fish oils are held firmly, and Linseed has advanced. Provisions are beginning to come forward from the West, but as yet there has been but little doing. Rice meets a very limited inquiry. Cloverseed is scarce and wanted. Teas are unchanged. Tobacco and Wool are held firmly. In Freights there has been but little activity.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour have been moderate since our last notice, but there has been very little inquiry either for export or home consumption, and the stock is rather accumulating. The Africa's advices have depressed the market, and the prices have receded 25c per bbl. Sales of 6,000 bbls at $9 [illegible] a $9 [illegible] for standard and good brands, including [illegible] W. B. Thomas at $9.75, and 300 bbls extra family at $10. Rye has been very quiet, and sells in lots at $6.[illegible] Corn Meal has been in good demand; 4,000 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4 per bbl.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending [illegible]

Bbls of superfine	9,[illegible]
Do Fine	[illegible]
Do Middlings	[illegible]
Do Rye	[illegible]
Do Corn Meal	[illegible]
Condemned	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been small during the past week, but the demand has been less active since the America's advices, and prices have receded fully 5a8 cts per bushel. Sales of [illegible] bushels at [illegible] for the latter, and $2.[illegible] for white. Rye has been in active request, and about [illegible] bushels Pennsylvania and Western were disposed of at $1.2[illegible] including a small lot of Delaware at $1.20. Corn has been in moderate request without any material change in prices. Sales of 13a16,000 bushels yellow at 9[illegible] for new; $1a1.02 for old, and 9[illegible] for mixed. Oats have been in steady demand, and about 15,000 bushels sold at 40a45c per bushel for Southern, and 44a45c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—Supplies of Pork continue to come forward very slowly, and the stock is extremely light; sales of 150 bbls. Western Mess at $21a21.50 per bbl. cash. Prime is held at $18a21. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly, but the sales have been only in a small way for ship stores at $19a19.50, cash. Bacon—The market is nearly bare of all descriptions, and prices are nominal, the sales being confined to retail lots from store at 11a12c for Hams; 11½a12c for sides, and 12½c for shoulders. In Green Meats but little stock here to operate in. Sales of 30 casks pickled Hams at 11½a11¾c and 30 hhds. Shoulders at 9a9½ cents per lb., 60 days. Lard—There is but little offering and but little coming forward. Sales of 300 barrels at 12½c., and kegs at 13½ cents per lb., cash and on time. Butter—Is in fair request, but without change in prices. Sales of solid packed at 19a20c and Roll at 20a25c per lb. In Cheese no change.

COTTON.—The late foreign accounts by the America have depressed prices. The market has been rather quiet, and there has been rather more anxiety to realize. Sales of 900 bales Upland at 9¼a10¼c, and New Orleans at 11a11½c per lb, on time, which is a decline of ⅛ cent.

The following is a statement of the movement in Cotton since the 1st September last, as compared with the previous three years:—

	1855.	1854.	1853.	1852.
Rec'ts at the Ports	585,000	533,000	497,000	764,000
Ex'pts to Gt. Brit'n	279,000	176,000	131,000	305,000
Ex'pts to France	76,000	61,000	27,000	59,000
Ex'pts to other for'gn Pts	61,000	30,000	32,000	36,000
Total Exports	416,000	267,000	191,000	400,000
Stock on hand	263,000	314,000	307,000	[illegible]

Of which during the past week, included in the above:

Rec'pts at the Ports	121,000	61,000	75,000	113,000
Exp'ts to Gt. Brit'n	14,000	20,000	19,000	34,000
Exp'ts to France	14,000	3,000	10,000	1,000
Ex. to other for'n Ports	6,300	4,000	4,000	1,000
Total Exports	34,000	46,000	33,000	36,000

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been but a very small business doing in any description and no change to notice in prices.

BARK.—Has been in demand and prices have advanced $3 per ton. The market has been cleared of No 1 Quercitron Bark, about 200 hhds having been disposed of at $38 per ton, and there is little or none coming in. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BEESWAX.—Is scarce. Small sales of yellow at 28a29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Have been in fair request, and sales of 300 boxes city manufactured Adamantine have been made at 27a28c per lb, 4 mos. Sperm sold at 37a38c.

COAL.—The market during the past week has been dull. The receipts and shipments are falling off, and prices have undergone no change. We continue to quote Schuylkill White Ash at $4a4.25; Red Ash $4.25a4.50, and Lehigh at $4.50a4.75 per ton. The recent warm weather has greatly disappointed the retailers, as it has materially restricted the demand for home consumption. There is no Bituminous Coal offering.

COFFEE.—An import of 900 bags Laguayra has arrived since our last notice. There has been a good demand and prices have again advanced. Sales of 1,500 bags Rio at 11¼a12c; 9,000 bags do, received by the "Floating Zephyr," on private terms; some Java at 14½c, and 300 bags Laguayra at 11¾a12 cts per lb, on time.

COPPER.—Is dull, and the sales of both Sheathing and Yellow Metal have been only in a small way at our last quotations.

DRUGS AND DYES.—The late accounts from Europe are favorable for most articles, and prices are firm. Sales of 100 casks Soda Ash at 2¾c, 6 mos. Refined Borax in lots at 25c, and Oil of Lemons at $2.[illegible] per lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS.—There are very few coming in. Small sales of good Western at 50a53c per lb, cash, which is an advance.

FISH.—Mackerel continue very dull. The demand is quite limited, and the sales are only in small lots from store at $20a21 per bbl for large 1's; $15a17 for 2's, and $8.50a$9.75 for No 3's. Small Fish sell at proportionate rates. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged.

FRUIT.—There have been no arrivals of foreign since our last notice. There is a fair inquiry for Malaga Bunch Raisins at $3.30a3.62½ per box, and smaller pkgs at proportionate rates. Layers sell at $4 per box. In Domestic Fruit there is not much being done. Small sales of Dried Apples at 5¾a6¼c per lb. Dried Peaches sell slowly at 9a10c for unpared halves, and 18a19c for pared. Cranberries sell at $12a13 per bbl.

GINSENG.—Prices are nominal for both Crude and Clarified, and there is nothing doing.

GUANO.—Limited sales of Peruvian and Mexican are making at our former quotations.

HEMP.—Continues exceedingly quiet, and no transactions have come under our notice.

HIDES.—Are scarce. An import of 1,500 Laguayra has arrived, which is not yet disposed of.

HOPS.—The demand continues quite limited, and the sales are only in a small way at 11a15 cts per lb for new Eastern and Western.

INDIGO.—The demand is limited, but prices are firm. Small sales of Bengal at $1.25a1.30, and Caraccas at $1.05 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON.—The market continues excessively dull, but without any quotable change in prices. We continue to quote Anthracite at $28, 26, and $24 per ton, 6 mos. Scotch Pig is nominally held at $33a34, 6 mos. Bar and Boiler sells slowly at our last quotations.

LEAD.—Continues scarce. A small sale of Spanish was made at 7 cents per lb cash.

LEATHER.—The stock of all descriptions is light, the demand good and prices firm.

LUMBER.—There is but little demand for any descriptions, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of Laths in lots at $1.50 per M.

MOLASSES.—The market continues bare of Cuba, and it is wanted. Further sales of 700 bbls New Orleans, to arrive, have been made at 41a43 cents, on time, and 200 bbls, on the spot, at 45 cents.

NAVAL STORES.—Rosin is held with more firmness, but the demand has been limited. Sales of 1,300 bbls common at $1.65a1.85 per bbl and some at $2a3. About 300 bbls of Tar sold from the wharf at $2.75a3. Pitch is worth $2.25. Spirits of Turpentine is held firmer, but the demand is quite moderate. Sales of 350 barrels at 46a48 cents, cash and on time.

OILS.—Linseed Oil is in better demand, and has advanced to 95a98 cents per gallon. There is a fair steady demand for Fish Oils at full rates. Lard Oil is steady; sales of winter at 90a100 cents—4 months. Red Oil is scarce; 1,000 gallons city manufactured sold at 67 cents, cash.

PLASTER.—Is scarce. The last sale of soft was at $3.25 per ton.

RICE.—There has been a limited demand, and prices are barely maintained; sales of 300 casks at $5a5.37½, 4 mos.

SEEDS.—The market continues bare of Cloverseed, and it is wanted. Small sales from wagons at $9a9.25, and from store at $9.50. Timothy ranges from $3 a $3.25 per bushel. Flaxseed is in demand at $2.25, but there is none offering.

SPICES.—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin sell slowly at our last quotations. New England Rum continues very scarce and commands 47a48 cents. Whiskey—The demand has been limited, and prices are lower. Sales of bbls at 38½a40c for Western and Prison, and hhds at 38 cents.

SUGAR.—The stock in first hands is nearly exhausted. There is a fair demand at full rates. Sales of about 300 hhds New Orleans, Cuba and Porto Rico, to arrive, at 6¾a8½ cents, and some Havana Yellow at 8¼ cents per lb, on time.

TALLOW.—There is a fair demand at 12a12¼ cents per lb, cash, for city rendered, and 11¾ cents for country.

TEAS.—The sales have been limited without change in prices.

TOBACCO.—The demand has been limited for both Leaf and Manufactured, but prices are steadily maintained.

WINES.—The sales have been only in small lots, without change in prices.

WOOL.—The stock in the hands of the dealers is now much reduced, and prices are firm, but the demand has been quite moderate. Sales of 100,000 lbs at 38 a 45 cents per lb, 6 months.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool 5s per barrel is asked for Flour, and 14d for Grain, some Oil and Bark were taken at 30a35s; Tallow at 40s and Cloverseed at 40s per ton. California freights are unchanged. Rates are getting $2 per ton to Boston; $1.60a1.75 to Rhode Island, $1.25 to New Haven, and $1.25 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

HAY per 100 lbs—Timothy $1.20a1.15; Clover $1.00 a1.10.

HEMP—Kentucky Dew Rot $180a190 per ton; Manilla per lb 13.

LIME per bushel 30a35c.

BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.—Butter, Firkins, Goshen, No 1 in kegs, 15a20 cents; do Roll 20a25; Goshen 22, Lard, Jersey, 13a13½; Western keg 13a13½c; do bbls 12a12½c; Grease do 10a11. Cheese, Ohio, 9a10c per lb; New York, 10a11. Mercer Potatoes 80a85c per bushel.

RAGS—Country mixed 4¼a5c per lb.

SALT—Liverpool, ground, 30a35c; do in sacks $1.10; do in sacks (fine) $1.60; St. Martins, $1.60; Turk's Island 45a50.

TOBACCO—Cuba 25a40 cts per lb; Kentucky 10 do; Maysville 8a12; Maryland 5a8; Virginia 5a9; Pennsylvania Seed Leaf 5a8; Connecticut Seed Leaf 10a18; Manufactured Nos 1, 2, and 3, 15a30.

COAL—Duty 30 per ct—Schuylkill W A lump per ton $4.00a4.12½; Prepared $4.00a4.37½; Red Ash $4.25a4.37½; Lehigh lump $4.75a5; Prepared $4.75a5; by retail do $5.50; Schuylkill Prepared $4.75.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, Mr. Hale's resolution calling on the President of the United States to inform the Senate whether he has received any evidence of such resistance to the laws in Kansas as to require the interposition of military force in the preservation or restoration of law and order in that Territory, and if so, to lay the same before the Senate, was taken up.

Mr. Hunter remarked it was unusual to take up such calls before receiving the annual message, which might contain the information desired.

Mr. Hale contended that the resolution should lay over, and moved when the Senate adjourns to adjourn till Monday.

Mr. Bayard hoped not, as the House might organize to-day.

Mr. Clayton remarked that such an adjournment would delay the reception of the message, which the country is anxious to see.

Several Senators urged Mr. Hale to withdraw his motion.

Mr. Hale—In view of the fact stated by the Senator from Delaware, (Mr. Clayton) of which I was entirely ignorant, that the country is waiting with great anxiety for the message, I withdraw the motion. [Laughter.] Adjourned.

On the 7th, on motion of Mr. Pratt, Mr. Hickey was appointed Chief Clerk, and J. H. Nicholson, Reading Clerk.

Mr. Sumner presented a petition from Commodore Joseph Smith, remonstrating against the action of the Naval Board in placing him on the retired list.

The Senate then adjourned. Mr. Hale, sotto voce, looking at the Clerk—"We have made over a dollar a minute to-day, the session having lasted only seven minutes."

On the 10th, on motion of Mr. Weller, the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad, appointed at the last session, was ordered to be continued during this, the vacancies to be filled by the Chair.

Mr. Adams' resolution, providing for the election of the officers of the Senate, to-day, was indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Bayard gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for the public printing, engraving and binding. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, after the calling of the roll, Mr. Whitney withdrew the name of Humphrey Marshall as a candidate for Speaker.

The House then, on motion, resumed the balloting for Speaker, the 21st ballot resulting as follows:

Richardson (Dem.) 71, Campbell (Repub.) 46, Pennington (Whig) 20, Fuller (Amer.) 21, Wheeler 13, Banks (Repub.) 21, Smith of Ala. (Amer.) 7, Scattering 10.

On the 8th, the House went through the motion as usual. The last vote (23rd) standing as follows:—Banks, 100; Richardson, 73; Fuller, 30; Zollicoffer, 3; Pennington, 2; Scattering 11. Necessary to a choice 112.

There being no election, the House, on motion, adjourned till Monday.

Mr. Cumback announced that there would be a meeting of Anti-Nebraska men to-night in this Hall.

Cries of "What kind of meeting is that?" "You think you'll fix things." [Laughter.]

On the 10th, Mr. Thorington offered a resolution, on his own responsibility, providing that the House proceed immediately to the election of a Speaker viva voce, and if, after the roll has been called three times no member shall have received a majority of the whole number of votes, the roll shall again be called, and the candidate then receiving the largest number of votes, provided it be a majority of a quorum, shall be declared duly elected Speaker.

This proposition fell like a bombshell, occasioning much excitement.

Several members in the same breath moved to lay the resolution on the table, declaring that was the proper place for it. The Clerk called the House to order, the members standing all over the Hall.

Mr. Giddings, amid great confusion, earnestly appealed to his friend from Iowa to withdraw his resolution, believing that the feeling of the House was becoming more favorable to Mr. Banks.

The yeas and nays having been ordered on laying the resolution on the table, the question was raised whether Mr. Thorington could withdraw it.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, appealed to his friends to waive their objections, and permit the gentleman from Iowa to withdraw the resolution, he being desirous of doing so.

Cries of "no objection"—"agreed"—"call the roll," &c. The resolution being withdrawn, the House again resumed the balloting for Speaker. The 29th ballot resulted as follows—Banks 107, Richardson 76, Fuller 28, Scattering 15. Then adjourned.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Merited Testimonial.—A beautiful monument has been erected in the Hebrew Cemetery, at Newport, R. I., to the memory of Judah Touro, which bears the following inscription: "The last of his name. He inscribed it in the book of philanthropy, to be remembered forever."

Speaking of the refusal of the London Times to publish Mr. Buchanan's note respecting the neutrality laws, the Montreal Herald says: "Such dishonorable conduct, in a journal marked by such pre-eminent talent, and, consequently, enjoying so vast and unequalled a circulation, is clearly calculated not only to weaken its own influence, but that of journalism throughout the world."

Rachel's Movements.—Mad'lle Rachel's departure from Charleston, S. C., to Havana, has been deferred until the 19th inst., on account of the nonarrival of her baggage.

The newspaper mill at Little Falls, N. Y., now in course of erection, by Mr. Beardsley, for the manufacture of basswood paper, will be in operation very soon.

Important Point Settled.—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has decided that to be drunk three times in six months, does not constitute an "habitual drunkard."

Effects of the War.—Gunpowder, which was ten cents a pound in New York on the opening of the war, has advanced to twenty cents.

Curious Elopement.—The Chicago Democrat, of Tuesday week, says that a woman arrived in that place, a few days previous, with the dead body of her husband, which she was taking East for burial. On the route she fell in with a young man, and, on the arrival of the cars at Chicago, they went off together, leaving the dead body of the husband in the depot, where it has remained since.

A few days since, an old man of sixty-one years, applied at the office of the city register, Boston, for the fifth marriage certificate. His intended bride is but twenty-four, it being her first marriage. This is the only case within the knowledge of the registrar of a fifth marriage.

A Proposal Declined.—A very small pattern of a man, lately solicited the hand of a fine, buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big to put into a cradle, and a little too small to put into a bed."

Prospect of a Long Session.—The first session of the Thirty-Fourth Congress, will, most probably, be a very protracted one, as it is proposed to refer Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

Extraordinary Marriage.—Guyer, who arrived here from Cincinnati, on Thursday week, with five other convicts, was married in jail, before he left. The Columbian says:—"Guyer's feet were in fetters during the ceremony, and he had just time to kiss his wife, and then away to fulfill the punishment of the law. Truly a matrimonial adventure extraordinary."

James Sheridan Knowles has published a book entitled "The Gospel attributed to Matthew is the Record of the whole original Apostlehood."

The Law of Descent of Property.—At the recent term of the U. S. Circuit Court for Rhode Island, the Court sustained the position that upon the death of a grandchild, without children, intestate, his grandfather will take the ancestral estate, rather than the uncles and aunts, though the estate came into the family through the grand maternal branch, the wife of that grandfather.

Telegraphic Regulations in Prussia.—The clerks in the telegraph office at Berlin are to be locked up during the time of business, and for two or three hours afterwards, so that they may not be able to betray the secrets of customers. This precaution has been found indispensable.

Mercer Potatoes.—In the early part of the present century, John Gilky, one of the early settlers of Mercer county, Pa., produced from seed the justly celebrated Mercer potato, which was afterwards cultivated by a Mr. Pearson, of Mercer county, in the neighborhood of Darby, Delaware county, Pa., whence it spread over the Union. Thus Gilky, a poor solitary "exile of Erin," has done more to benefit mankind than many a hero of a hundred battles, and it has been proposed to immortalize his humble name by calling the "Mercers" from henceforward "Gilkies."

Heavy Damages.—The Delaware County Republican states that the trial of Judge Kane for false imprisonment will probably take place in February next. Passmore Williamson claims $50,000 damages.

Sale of Weir's Cave.—Mr. William Mohler, the owner of the celebrated Weir's Cave in Augusta county, Va., has sold it to Messrs. Davis Craig and John Parkins for $10,000. There are 60 acres of land included in the sale. The Cave is still to be kept open for the public.

Legislative Gallantry.—In the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, in 1833, while a bill granting pensions to certain revolutionary veterans was pending in that body, Mr. Matthias moved to add a gratuity of $40 to one Sarah Cross "the sweetheart of an old soldier," which motion prevailed, 45 to 36.

A New Wheat.—A clergyman, writing to the Commissioner of Patents from Hillsboro, Oregon Territory, states that he has discovered a new kind of grain resembling wheat, which, if it will not make bread, will make an excellent food for cattle. The grain is said to be very heavy—the heads yielding a hundred fold each. Samples of this grain were received with the letter.

A Murder Trial in Canada.—At the last assizes in Whitby, C. W., a farmer, named Reuben Crandall, of Reach, and his two sons, were tried for the murder of Stephen Smith, fourteen years ago. A witness, named Buck, testified most positively that he saw the accused commit the murder, while other witnesses proved that Smith had been seen alive by them six months after the time of his alleged murder. The jury at once acquitted the men.

The Issue in Mexico, with "Taxes, too," at their Head. Bastion Line in Danger.—The National Convention of the Irish Emigrant Aid Societies (so called) assembled at the Astor House, New York, on the 4th. About 70 delegates were in attendance. Robert Tyler, Esq., of Philadelphia, was chosen President pro tem. Fourteen States in all were represented. The business of the forenoon terminated with appointing a Committee to examine Credentials. A most exciting and personal debate sprung up as to who should be admitted to participate in the proceedings. Col. Doheney said he represented on that floor at least two thousand armed men; but if Mr. McClenahan (editor of the Citizen) was permitted to take a seat, he (Doheney) would take up his hat and walk out.

After this breeze was over, a delegate from Ohio rebuked the disposition to dissension, visible in the Convention. After while, when the army was ready to march, he said, they would be all squabbling as to who should be general, he supposed. For his own part, he was ready to serve in the ranks.

One not complain that another set has taken it upon themselves, to "cut and dry" the whole affair so as to advance, not the "liberation of Ireland," but certain personal ends.

A plan, it is said, has been submitted "to reach the heart of the British lion," through his Canadian lungs. Five thousand able bodied Hibernians are represented to be all ready for enrollment, to march to Canada, in order to co-operate with some Russian demonstration, said to be organizing on the northwest coast. Money sufficient to defray expenses, it is further said, has already been raised, and the only thing remaining to be done, is to find a man in whom all can have confidence as a leader. Secrecy being the one great thing needed now, pains are taken to keep out of the newspapers anything like a real record of what is in the wind. But the facts here related may be relied upon. It is probable, however, that the whole scheme will "bust up," owing to the personal jealousies and personal hatreds which govern the whole Convention.

Another rumor may as well be mentioned; it is a wild one, but there may be "something in it." An agent of Russia, then, is said to be the financial agent and the chief engineer of the whole concern. Who he is, or where he is, can't say, but it is thought to be something of an object to get up an invasion of Canada, in order to distract the Allies at home, and possibly to compel England to transport a portion of her army in the Crimea to the North American colonies.

New York, Dec. 6.—The American Irish Emigrant Aid Society closed their convention to-day, after adopting a constitution and address. They declare their purpose to be to fulfill the destiny of the Irish nation, for which so many patriots have toiled and suffered, but, in doing so, they will not outrage the laws of the United States. They regard the present state of affairs in Europe as their opportunity, and call on the Irish people to pronounce that they will emancipate themselves, and promise that they shall not be left to struggle alone.

The resolutions declare that the laws of the United States do not prevent combinations of citizens, with a view to helping to shape the course of nations by word or action, and that the restoration of the sovereignty of Ireland would be an act worthy of American freedom.

Jackson's Residence.—A bill has been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature to purchase the Hermitage in the name of the State, and to establish there an Agricultural and Military School.

Conditional Pardons.—The Governor of Ohio recently pardoned a man, named Lockhart, out of the penitentiary, on condition that he should leave the State for five years. This condition he failed to comply with, and the Criminal Court at Cincinnati on Saturday week, decided that the warden of the penitentiary had the right to seize Lockhart and convey him back to prison.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, By McHENRY & BELL, STOCK AND BILL BROKERS.

No. 309 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

Loans.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct '68	109	—
" " '62	102½	—
" " '67	115½	—
" " '68	115½	—
" 5 " '65	99½	99¾
1st off		
Phila 6 pr ct	75½	75¾
" 5 "	—	90
Cam City 6 pr ct	80	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	60	—
" " coupon	—	70¾
All'gy city 6 pr ct	—	77
" county "	60	60½
Alleg'y R R 6's	70	80½
Penn 6 pr ct '79	100	104
" 5 "	84	84½
" " coupon	86½	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	96	96½
" 5 "	—	91
" " coupon	—	91
Cincin 6 pr ct	—	93
Kent'ky 6 pr ct	100	—
Illinois 6 "	100	—
St Louis 6 pr ct	—	90
Tex's Reg Notes	—	58
Penn R R pr ct	97½	99
1st mo'rt loan '83	—	90
CA Am R R 6 pr ct	—	77½
Bea Mea R R "	108	—
P G & N R R "	—	96
Reading R R "	80	80½
" Mort "	91	93
H & Lan R R "	93	96
PA & R R 7 pr ct	73	—
Che Val R R "	70	72½
Tioga R R "	80	—
Phil Wil & Bal	—	95
W & R R 6 pr ct	86½	88½
Long I R R "	72	73
Sch Nav '82 "	76½	76½
Lehigh Nav "	96	98
" Mort	—	95
C & D Cl "	—	84
Sus & Tid '78 "	67	—
Railroad Stocks.		
Cam & Am	133½	135
Penna	42	42½
Sea Mdw	80	81
North Penna	9½	10

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	53	53½
Reading	44½	44½
" preferred	—	50
Minehill	64	65
Har & Lan	46	48
Phil & Sun	26	—
Chester Valley	—	7½
Tioga	14	—
" preferred	22	—
P W & Balt	—	34
Sun & Erie	—	—
Long Island	12½	13½
Canal Stocks.		
Schuyl Nav	10	10½
" preferred	20½	22½
Lehigh Nav	79	80
Morris	11½	12½
" preferred	90	99½
C & Del	100	105
Union	8½	9½
Sus & Tid'w'ter	9½	10
Bank Stocks.		
North Amer	134	—
Penna	115½	116½
Philada	133	—
Far & Mec	67	67½
Commercial	—	57
N Liberty	60	60½
Mechanics	29½	29½
Southwark	73	—
P Township	—	43
Kensington	70	—
Girard	11½	11½
Western	—	69
Man & Mechs	—	31½
Commerce	67	—
Tradesmen's	60	—
United States	—	½
Pittsburg	60	—
M & M Pitts	52	—
Ex'ge Pitts	—	60
Kentucky	107	109
Northern, Ky	110	—
Louisville, Ky	100	—
Farmers, Ky	106	107
Un'n N'sh Ten	90	—
Plant's, Tenn	—	92
Com & R Vicks	7½	7½
N O Gas Li	115½	—

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec 7.

The receipts of Beef Cattle this week have been about 1,330 head. The demand was good, and they were nearly all disposed of within the range of $8a10 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves are without change. Hogs—The receipts at Singer's yard this week foot up 2,000 head. They were all sold at $8a8.75 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs are in fair demand. Sales of 2,000 head at $2a4 each, as in quality and condition.

NEW YORK MARKETS, DEC. 8.

Ashes—The market for both kinds is quiet but firm, owing to the reduced stock; sales of 30 bbls at $7.50 for Pots, and $8.50 for Pearls. Saleratus is steady at 7c. Cotton—The market to-day has recovered the decline of ¼c on the steamer's news on all grades Middling, and closes firm at the improvement; sales of the day [illegible] bales at our annexed prices, which are revised to conform to the advance.

Flour, &c.—There is less doing in the low grades of State and Western Flour, and the market is heavy. The arrivals are moderate, and most holders are firm at the close. The absence of vessels restricts business somewhat. The better grades are held with confidence, but not freely. There is a moderate inquiry for future delivery. The sales of Western Canal are 8,000 bbls at $8.75 for State and superfine Michigan, $9.12a9.37½ for superfine Indiana and Upper Lake, $9.50a9.75 for lower grades of Ohio, extra, and $9.75a10.50 for extra brands. Included in the sales are 1,000 bbls State [illegible] Canadian Flour is heavy and prices rather nominal, with only limited sales to the extent of 300 bbls at $9.25a9.75 for common to best brands. Southern Flour continues dull and heavy; the supply is fair; sales of 800 bbls at $9.25a9.62½ for mixed to good standard brands Baltimore City Mills, Alexandria and Howard street, and $9.75a10.87 for favorite fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is very quiet; sales of 50 bbls at $6.50. Corn Meal is heavy; sales of 200 bbls Jersey at $4.25a4.62 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour is selling at $2.50a3 per 100 lbs.

Grain—A dull and heavy market for Wheat; prices are somewhat nominal. We have only to note sales of 5,700 bushels good white Canadian at $2.30. Rye is better, the demand good for export, and the arrivals not very large; sales of 27,000 bushels at $1.30 for Southern, and $1.32a1.35 for fair to prime Northern. Oats are quite plenty, and are dull and lower; sales of State at 50a52, and Western at 50a55. Barley is inactive at $1.22a1.31. Canadian Peas are firm; sales of 1,500 bushels at $1.35a1.37½. White Beans are in fair demand; sales at $2.50a2.75 per bushel. Corn opened dull and heavy, but with a better demand at the close for export; old is firmer; sales of 33,000 bushels at 98c for Western mixed in store; $1 for do delivered; [illegible] for new yellow Jersey, and 87a88c for Southern yellow.

Hops—Old are very quiet, the sales are retail ones at 9a11c. New are in freely. Prime Western continues in good demand at full former prices. The sales are about 30 bales at 9a10c for Eastern, and 9a12c for Western, according to quality.

Provisions—The demand for Pork is very moderate, the supply of new is light, prices of Prime are easier; the sales are 350 bbls at $20.25 for Mess, $21 for City Prime Mess, and $18 for new and old Prime. Beef is heavy at the decline, the arrivals are liberal and the stock large; sales of 250 bbls at $14.50a15.50 for repacked Western Mess, $15a15.50 for Vermont Mess. $9.12½a16 for Country Prime, $10.25a19.25 for do Mess. Prime Mess is quiet at $21a26. Beef Hams are dull at $14a17. Bacon is firm; sales of 100 boxes city long boneless Middles for early delivery at 11¼. Dressed Hogs have advanced, with a good demand at 8¼a8¾. Green Hams sell freely from the block at 10¼. Lard is in limited supply, and is buoyant; sales of 600 bbls and tierces, part to arrive at 12¾a13¼ for old and new. Butter firm and in good request at 18a28c for Ohio, and 25a30c for State. Cheese is dull at 9¼a11¼c.

Whiskey—The market is firm, the demand is fair; sales of 250 bbls at 39½c for Ohio, 40c for E. and D. Prison is held at 40c, firm and in fair interest.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 29 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 15, 1855.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis
Relief notes	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis
Mech bk Bridgton	9 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	9 dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
Bk Milford	failed
MARYLAND.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis
Salisbury / Havre de Grace / Far'ers & Millers	failed
Far & Mec bk, Kent Co.	25 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Exchange bk	25 dis
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Local Currency in Virginia funds	1½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis
8th Avenue bk	7 dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis
Lewis co bk	failed
James bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far bk, Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Man bk, Owego	30 dis
Ex'ge bk, Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis
MAINE.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
Ship-builder's bk	failed
Bk of Hallowell	2 dis
Calais bk	12 dis
Ellsworth bk	failed
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
South Royalton bk	3 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
Cochituate bk	failed
Grocer's bk Boston	failed
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Solvent bks	2 dis
Far Joint Stock bk	25 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solvent bks	½ dis
Bk of Kanawha	failed
Trans Allegheny	5 dis

NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Bk St Mary's	no sale
Bk of Milledgeville	do
Atlanta	5 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
South'rn Bk of Ala	1½ dis
Other solvent bks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent bks	1½ dis
OHIO.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
Bk of Wooster	failed
Bk of Norwalk	do
Bk of Massillon	do
Bk of Circleville	25 dis
Canal Bk, Cle'land	5 dis
City Bk, Col'mbus	5 dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
Ne'port Saf'ty Fund	failed
Kentucky Trust Co	do
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bk	1 dis
Free bks	5 to 20 dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solvent bks	1 dis
Quincy City bk	failed
Railroad bk, D'c'tur	5 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
MISSOURI.	
Solvent bks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent bks	2½ dis
Far & Mechanics' Memphis	failed
Small notes	5 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solvent bks	2 dis
Washtenaw	failed
Erie & Kalamazoo bk	do
Gov'nor Stock bk	no sale
Adrian Ins Co	no sale
ARKANSAS.	
All bks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Solvent bks	5 dis
TEXAS.	
Com & Agricultural bk, Galveston	10 pr ct

The Currents of the Open Polar Sea.—A writer in the National Intelligencer suggests, that as no ice drifts southward through Behring's Straits into the Pacific, the equatorial current of that ocean must set northwardly through those Straits into the Polar sea, and that it finds egress from that sea southwardly into the Atlantic through Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait. The writer thinks that, therefore, the proper way to reach the Polar Sea without difficulty, must be to follow the drift of the current, which is northwardly through Behring's Straits.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 167—Adults 70, and children 97.

Proof that Consumption can be Cured by MEDICATED INHALATION.

FACTS. FACTS. FACTS.—These are what I wanted to convince us of the curability of Consumption. [illegible] who have been taught to believe that when this dreadful scourge has commenced in the respiratory organs, no human power can eradicate it. Not so with the Medical wise-acres whose interest and avarice have blinded them to the truth of the most valuable discoveries. Though they should shine as bright as the noon-day sun. They would not be convinced if the grave should yield up its dead, and they speak volumes in favor of the curability of Consumption, by Medicated Inhalation and adjunct constitutional remedies employed in my practice.

Therefore, it is not to the latter I present facts in favor of my new mode of treatment, but to the Sufferer, who can be reached by appealing to their reasoning faculties.

The cases I am about to publish, are those of confirmed Consumption, acknowledged to be so by physicians of good standing, as far as popular sentiment is concerned, who formerly attended them, and who acknowledged their cases to be beyond the reach of medical aid.

The first is that of Miss Mary Jane Wood, of Montgomery Co., Pa., aged 19 years, of delicate and Consumptive form, hereditarily predisposed to Consumption, having lost two sisters and one brother with the disease. This young lady's disease commenced in March last, and so rapidly did it progress, that by the 13th of August, her physician and friends had given up all hopes of her recovery. At this period she was brought to me by a friend of hers, residing at No. 27 John St. I found on examining her chest the left lung completely tuberculated with cavernous rale, indicating that the tubercles had commenced softening—pulse from a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty per minute—night sweats—cold creeps in the morning and fever in the afternoon, loss of physical and mental energy, great emaciation and loss of strength, unable to walk over three or four squares without assistance, loss of appetite, respiration difficult and very great shortness of breath on using the least exertion, cough in the morning troublesome, with copious expectoration of a purulent character, sickness of stomach at times, and tendency to diarrhoea—all of which symptoms indicate consumption in a third stage, and, in common parlance, would be called

GALLOPING CONSUMPTION.

On the 17th of the present month, I again examined her lungs, and found the diseased lung had perfectly healed, and she breathing with it naturally. Her strength had returned, so that she could walk as many miles as she formerly squares, appetite very good, pulse reduced to its natural standard, fever and night sweats disappeared, shortness of breath almost disappeared; cough and expectoration almost ceased, and her general appearance indicative of perfect health, all accomplished in the space of three months, and the disease at the third stage, or more.

The following case is that of Mr. Daniel Codery, merchant, residing at Absecom, and well known to many citizens of Philadelphia, with whom he has had business associations for years. Comment will be unnecessary. The letter speaks for itself:

Absecom, Nov. 11th, 1855.

Dr. S. Pancoast,—My most Esteemed Friend:—Yours of the 13th, requesting me to give you a full description of my case, has been received. I hasten to reply, feeling sensible that it is a duty I owe the public as well as yourself, that your skill in treating that dreadful disease, Consumption, should be known from one end to the other of this our beloved country.

The disease alluded to commenced Feb. 14th, 1855, with a severe pain through the lower part of my chest, with other symptoms usually attending a severe cold. I had called in my family physician, a man of much experience, and the most skillful of the neighborhood in which I reside. Under his treatment I gradually grew worse; my cough became very troublesome, particularly at night, so much so as to be distressing to my family, frequently keeping them awake. My expectoration was copious and of a purulent character, amounting to at least half a pint in a day; night sweats profuse; hectic fever during the latter part of the day, with cold creeps on the least exposure, loss of strength became so great that I was compelled at times to give up my business, the walking of a single square causing fatigue and shortness of breath. My appetite was poor and spirits much depressed—feeling confident that I was fast passing to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Being in Philadelphia about the 1st of last August, I was recommended by my friend, Mr. C. B. Fithian, No. 79 Market street, to call upon you, which I consented to do, as soon as I could make the necessary arrangements. On the 13th of the same month, I called to see you. On examining my chest, you pronounced my left lung diseased and nearly hepatized, or filled with tubercles, and described my symptoms so accurately, that I was satisfied that you were right in your diagnosis.

For the first two weeks that I was under your treatment, I perceived no sensible change in my disease. After that period I could see a gradual improvement, which continued until my health was perfectly restored, with the exception of a liability to take cold, which you stated would be the case this winter. It has been just three months since I commenced your treatment. My appetite is now as good as it ever was, my strength so far improved that I can keep upon my feet all day and attend to my business without the least fatigue, weigh as much as I ever did; cough and expectoration has ceased with the exception of a little white mucus sometimes in the mornings; my chest has expanded between two and three inches, which assures me that the cure is a permanent one. I would further state that I now breathe into my left lung as natural as I ever did, and enjoy as good health. I would further add that I am firmly in the belief that if I had not placed myself under your treatment, I would now be silently slumbering in my tomb. Therefore, to you, my dear Doctor, I owe a world of gratitude, as being the means of snatching me from the brink of the grave. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.

DANIEL E. CODERY,
Absecom, Atlantic county, N. J.

It has been positively asserted by the best physicians of the city, that a hepatized lung cannot be restored. Here is positive proof that it can be, and I have a number of other cases of a similar character, which I shall publish at a future time.

DR. S. PANCOAST, Physician for Consumption and Diseases of the Throat, No. 144 Spring Garden street, above Ninth.

Office hours, from 9, A. M., to 3, P. M.

P. S.—I would invite the attention of the public to my work on Consumption, well illustrated with plain and colored Plates, price $1; for sale at my Office. 1t

☞ IF YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT, NOW IS THE TIME to send for a full descriptive Catalogue of

SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY VOLUMES,

Consisting of useful and attractive books, for the Wives and Children of the Farmer, Mechanic, Laborer, Physician, Lawyer and Divine—for persons in every sphere and station of life, and for followers of every pursuit—

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dec8-3t

A Harmless Ague Remedy
IS A PUBLIC BENEFACTION.

See what the President of the Pharmaceutical Society of Missouri says of Rhodes' Fever and Ague Cure, or Antidote to Malaria:

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 10, 1855.

Having noticed the certificate of chemical analysis given by the celebrated chemist, Dr. J. R. Chilton, of New York City, in favor of Rhodes' Fever and Ague Cure, that it contained neither Quinine, Arsenic, Mercury, or Strychnine, and having received numerous applications for it, I was induced to send to Mr. Rhodes for the medicine. Since then I have disposed of a large quantity, mostly to residents of this city, who have invariably been cured by it, and to whom I can refer. I am, therefore, satisfied in recommending it to all that the proprietor represents.

EDWARD S. WHEATON.

Sole Wholesale Agent in St. Louis, H. BLAKSLEY, Chicago, BARCLAY BROTHERS, Milwaukee, GREENE & BUTTON, and sold by Druggists generally, throughout the United States, Canadas &c. JAMES A. RHODES, Proprietor, 1t Providence, R. I.

BENEVOLENCE.

We do not think a person can evince a more benevolent trait of character than being moved at the distress and suffering of others, and furthermore, anxious to do all in their power to alleviate by every possible means human suffering. In this view of the case, we do not know how the humane and benevolent can do an action more in accordance with their philanthropic views, than by calling the attention of their afflicted friends and acquaintances to the fact, that Dr. Seth S. Hance, of 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., has discovered a preparation, which is put up in the form of a pill, that has a specific action for curing Epilepsy, or Falling Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all forms of nervous diseases. Among those who have been permanently cured, we might mention a member of the family of Jas. H. Beadle, Huntsville, Alabama; Mr. M. P. Sledge, Cabin Point, Surry county, Va., and Mr. W. P. Ligon, Grenada, Mississippi. We might go on enumerating a number of others, until we had entirely filled up this column of our paper; but we think we have said sufficient to satisfy every person that the subject under consideration is one of vital importance to every one. Reader! if you are a well man or woman, and have no need of a remedy, perhaps you know some person who is not equally blessed as yourself; if so, cut out this notice, and send it to him or her. It will cost you but little trouble, and probably it will make you instrumental in curing some poor, afflicted mortal of that dreadful visitation, Epilepsy, or falling sickness.

Dr. Hance sends his pills by mail, free of postage, to all parts of the world, on the receipt of a remittance. His prices are—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. We have given his address above.

MORE CURES BY JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

Granville, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1855.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son—Gentlemen:—I cheerfully add my testimony as to the success that attends your Medicines. I have used them in my family for a number of years with the best effect. A few years ago my wife had what was supposed to be an Ovarian Tumor, which was gradually increasing, and it became quite large and painful. The best Medical advice that this part of the State afforded was procured without any benefit. Finally she commenced using your Alterative and Sanative Pills, and after using about a dozen bottles of the Alterative her health was completely restored. JOHN LINCOLN.

DROPSY CURED. read the following, viz:—

Patavia, Randolph Co., Geo., Oct. 30, 1855.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I have taken your Alterative and Sanative Pills until I believe I am CURED of the DROPSY. I have taken some two dozen bottles of Alterative and one half dozen boxes of Pills and no other Medicine. I remain yours, &c. DANIEL O'NEIL.

The above medicines are for sale by DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S Agents throughout the United States. dec15-2t

☞ Ne Plus Ultra.—This point in medical skill is attained in the composition of that renowned remedy known as "Rhodes' Fever and Ague Cure." For the class of diseases to which its operation is directed, it has never been equalled and cannot be surpassed. For it invariably cures, and what more could be desired. If any proof of its virtues were needed, other than the united testimony of thousands who have used it, it is furnished in the certificate of the eminent New York chemist, Dr. Jas. R. Chilton, who pronounces it entirely free from all ingredients of an injurious nature, which can be said by hardly the majority of Fever and Ague remedies, for their temporary effect is owing to the presence of such poisonous drugs as Quinine or Arsenic. The medicine under consideration depends for its efficacy upon no such foundation, but attacks directly the original cause of disease, Malaria, and neutralizes completely its poisonous influence upon the system. One trial will demonstrate its superiority over all other articles purporting to cure Fever and Ague and Billious disorders.

For sale by T. R. Callender and principal druggists throughout the United States.

JAMES A. RHODES, Proprietor, Providence, R. I.

☞ COL. HARDING.—Dear Sir:—Send immediately for the Prescription advertised "To Nervous Sufferers," by the Rev. John M. Dagnall. It cures the most obstinate cases. It may be had free, by sending your address to No. 59 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. 1t

DYSPEPSIA CURED.—A fair trial of the Oxygenated Bitters will convince the most skeptical sufferer, that this medicine has no equal in the world for the cure of this disease. Every Dyspeptic ought to know its value.

Hiawatha Improved.—
Should you ask us, whence these mottoes?
Whence these rants and verses so sententious?
With the cloth so blessed gloriously,
With the scene, all showing oddity,
With the air of good condition,
We should answer, we should tell you,
From a hundred and eleven Chestnut,
From the store of Buckwell & Williams,
Did these trochees—no trousers, come.

☞ Marvellous Musical Boxes that astonish and delight, exquisitely painted, showy glasses, beautiful China ornaments, bonbons, Paris, and paper goods, are a few among the FRESH goods just received by WM. T. FRY, 705 ARCH Street, opposite the Franklin Hall. Fry's splendid assortment of choice fancy goods, of almost every conceivable description, is now in holiday condition, and those who would procure beautiful and useful articles, at a reasonable rate, should call and inspect FRY'S peerless stock. dec8-3t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above-mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or sent to their address, properly enclosed, by mail.

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, the 4th of Dec., 1855, at Mennonite's House, near Longdenville, Amity Township, Berks county, Pennsylvania, by the Rev. Mr. George Miller, Mr. Henry McKenty, of St. Paul, Minnesota, to Miss Johanna B. Wagner, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Frederick W. Wagner, of Upper Hanover Township, Montgomery county, Penna.

N. B. Minnesota papers please copy.

On the evening of Nov. 29th, by the Rev. Chas. R. Boone, Mr. George L. Kechner, to Miss Anna E. McGeoghan, daughter of the late Wm. McGeoghan, all of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. William H. Matson, to Miss Elizabeth Huppeker, both of Salem county, N. J.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Clarke London, Mr. William Davis, to Miss Ruth Fisher, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. John Bishing, of this city, to Miss Sarah A. Seyberer, formerly of Lancaster.

On the 29th instant, by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. Patrick C. Wilson, of Philadelphia, to Miss Kate H. Henderson, of Philadelphia, late of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D. D., Valentine Bussenbe Jr., to Miss Ella T. Lodge, daughter of Gerard S. Lodge, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. Jesse A. J. Laws, to Miss Virginia M. Cantrell, all of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. Joseph L. Stephens, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss Philena R. Lee, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. Christian Bachman, of West Lampeter Township, to Miss Barbara Buckwalter, of Strasburg Township, Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 22d ultimo, near Norristown, Pa. by the Rev. H. S. Rodenbough, Mr. Thomas Wyatt, of Philadelphia, to Miss Rebecca D. daughter of Jos. Smith, of Montgomery county.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, of Manton, Mr. Daniel D. Baltz, to Miss Mary A. Anderson, all of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Joseph Peters, to Miss Rosanna Murray.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. William Ramsey, Mr. George C. Walters, of this city, to Miss Lydia A. Gruss, of Delaware county.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. John S. Stevens, to Miss Sallie Bacon, both of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Peabody, Mr. James Marrtosen, to Miss Sallie J. King, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst. Sallie Johnson, daughter of Andrew and Sarah Johnson, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 4th instant, Elizabeth Calver, of Bristol, Bucks county.

On the 5th inst. Valaria C. wife of Edwin A. Carlyle, aged 28 years.

On the 5th inst. Michael Morrison, aged 26 years.

On the 5th inst. Elizabeth Livingston, daughter of Geo. and Bernetta Boyd, aged 4 years.

On the 5th inst. Margaret Harvey, wife of John Boyle, of New York, aged 29 years.

On the 5th inst. Samuel C. son of Even and Susan Brinton, aged 19 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Sarah Shillinglaw, aged 53.

On the 4th inst. Edwin H. Smith, son of Alex. and Mary A. Fisher, aged 3 years and 10 months.

On the 3d inst. Patrick Wade, aged 73 years.

On the 3d inst. Fannie, daughter of G. W. and M. K. Jacoby, aged 5 years and 4 months.

On the 4th inst. Godfrey G. Folwell, aged 57.

On the 3d inst. James Maguire, aged 4 years and 2 months.

At Media, Del. county, Pa. on the 3d inst. Annie F. daughter of Mordecai and Deborah Guest, aged 9 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. Henry Martin, aged 55 years.

On the 3d inst. Mr. George Wakely, aged 79.

On the 3d inst. Julia A. Chevers, daughter of I. J. and Sarah E. Sweet, aged 21 months.

On the 3d inst. Samuel, son of Saml. C. and Margaret McCauley, aged 18 months.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Emma McAllister, aged 36.

On the 3d inst. Mary Virginia, daughter of Sarah A. and the late Jos. H. Abbott, aged 10 years.

At Bridgeport, N. J. on the 2d inst. John Adams, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 64 years.

On the 1st inst. Matilda, A. daughter of Salome and the late Tobias Kiley.

On the 1st inst. Mary A. Chesnut, aged 77 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Sarah Dyer, aged 77 years.

On the 1st inst. Elizabeth Jane, daughter of S. P. and Elizabeth J. Bell, aged 12 years.

On the 1st inst. Mary Ann, wife of John Ingram, aged 42 years.

On the 2d inst. Anna, daughter of Wm. B. and Eliza J. Rankin, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 1st inst. Emma Delia, daughter of Catharine and the late Jno. Musselman, aged 24 years.

On the 1st inst. Charles Hornes, aged 10 months.

On the 2d inst. Abigail G. wife of Daniel Bishop, aged 31 years.

On the 29th ult. in New York, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Alex. L. Fairweather, aged 26 years and 7 months.

On the 3d inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. and Agnes Anderson, aged 2 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Jane Graham, relict of the late Wm. Graham, of Chester, Delaware county, aged 76 years.

On the 7th instant, Abraham H. Simmons, aged 60 years.

On the 9th inst. Lieut. Colonel Samuel Miller, of the U. S. Marine Corps, aged 81 years.

Newton's great unknown Force demonstrated at last.

NOW READY.

CHAPMAN'S PRINCIPIA:

OR,

NATURE'S FIRST PRINCIPLES.

THIS WORK embraces the results of many years of close investigation in a new field hitherto overlooked. In applying the essence of all natural discovery of the laws of nature which regulate the changes of the earth, from the numerous discrepancies of the popular (erroneously so called) Newtonian theory of gravitation without Repulsion.

Demonstrating the existence and operation of Repulsive Force co-extensively with universal Gravitation. Newton himself was aware of the existence of forces other than Gravitation, as will be seen by the following quotation from the Preface of his Principia, in speaking of the phenomena of the movements of the heavenly bodies, he says: "I am induced by MANY REASONS to suspect that they may all depend upon certain forces by which the particles of bodies, by some causes hitherto unknown, are mutually impelled towards each other, and cohere in regular figures, OR ARE REPELLED AND RECEDE FROM EACH OTHER WHICH FORCES BEING UNKNOWN PHILOSOPHERS HAVE HITHERTO ATTEMPTED THE SEARCH OF NATURE IN VAIN; but I hope the principles here laid down will afford some light either to this or some truer method of philosophy."

Here we have his own words, his SUSPICIONS FROM "MANY REASONS," if not the full conviction, by afterwards expressed of the existence of Repulsive force. For bodies of matter caused to "recede from each other" by any other physical agency but Repulsive force.

We could make many quotations, and add many notices in support of the principles laid down in this volume, but we are willing to rest the case with the American Public, and will only ask them to Read the Book, then think and judge for themselves.

But to a contradiction and denial of its principles, we challenge the Smithsonian Institute and all the Royal Scientific Societies in Christendom.

Cloth, 12mo. Price $1.

CAMPBELL & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.
For sale by all Booksellers and News Agents.

THE MONTHLY RAINBOW.

Edited by Dr. L. L. CHAPMAN.

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[FOURTH DAY.]

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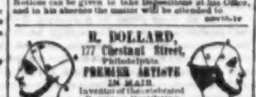

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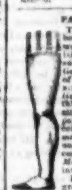

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Selected Poetry.

MY UTOPIA!

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Were I a king—were I a king,
How royally my reign I'd [illegible]
[illegible]
Were I a king—were I a king!

No [illegible] should trouble my [illegible],
Should rule o'ercast, my people's sorrow;
No law should make, with its delays,
My justice than injustice worse;
To right all wrongs, my courts should sit,
Not from the wronged their all to wring;
No "burdens of the law" you'd answer—
Were I a king—were I a king!

Not o'er all that ignorance breeds,
Brute vice-sunk will, would I rule;
No street of all my crowded towns,
No village, but should boast its school;
To loathe the wrong—to love the right,
My teaching men should all men bring;
Nor jails, nor gallows check the night,
Were I a king—were I a king!

"You, Cambridge—Oxford," would I say,
"Not for a class's good you stand;
Your ancient founders willed your halls
To hold the neediest of the land;
Away with thoughts of sect and rank!
Your doors to genius open fling!
Give welcome unto all!" I'd say,
Were I a king—were I a king!

"Ye [illegible], you to whom I give
The cells of my realm to care,
Just laws," I'd say, "and righteous [illegible],
Alike for all—for rich—for poor;
To squalid hearths—to hungry homes,
Look that your rule some comfort bring;"
[illegible], I'd have for all,
Were I a king—were I a king!

"Go forth my people," would I say,
"Off with you!—off! you swarming bees;
From this o'er-crowded hive, go, bear
Your English strength beyond the seas;
The will to work you have; away
To where your work shall comfort bring!
Go—greater Englands found!" I'd say,
Were I a king—were I a king!

What parks I'd for my people plan!
What gardens for their walks should bloom!
My palaces! I'd welcome, then,
[illegible] feet to every room;
With holidays my realm should shout;
[illegible]
My pictures should make poor men glad,
Were I a king—were I a king!

Loved of the lowly and the poor,
My Church's reverend priests should live,
To unjust power—to titled vice,
Not shrinking stern reproof to give;
Inside of to-day, their cry
Should, strong to smite all evil, ring;
Souls, they should serve in truth their God,
Were I a king—were I a king!

You smile; yet some perchance may take
For truths what you but fancies call;
There needs the will, we have the power
To give some gladness unto all;
Ah! he might throne him in our hearts
Who'd strive to do what I but sing,
What I so feel I'd long to do:
Were I a king—were I a king!

Selected Sketch.

MAGISTER TINIUS AND HIS HAMMER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The story of Eugene Aram will always remain a wonderful story. That a young man of high intellectual endowments, with a passion for literature, with a feeling and an appetite for the intellectual, with a perception of all that knowledge and accomplishment can endow men with, and with an ambition to seize on those advantages, and climb to those lofty honors, which they place within the reach of the gifted, should condescend to foul his hands with low murder, to contaminate his soul with crimes, that no illusions of genius, no hallucinations of a sanguine spirit, could possibly clothe to his own inward vision, in any guise of an excusing greatness, is one of the enigmas of humanity that are most difficult of solution. In the case of Aram, poverty and pride combined to impel him to seek the enjoyment of books by a means by which any book he had must be made a sharp upbraider and accuser; to snatch intellectual enjoyment out of the very hands of shame and degradation. He sought to climb to distinction, not over the ordinary rocks, and steeps, and rugged falls which beset the way of the poor but high-souled aspirant, but by a short and desperate side-way of assassination. He would be honorable through dishonor, famous through infamy, and reap the priceless rewards of genius, through all that genius is created to denounce and to render despicable. He endeavored to spring from the low obscurity in which he was born, by the lowest and most obscure of crimes. Instead of taking the way to true glory, he took that which led rightfully to the gallows; and thither he came, winning what he deserved instead of what he aimed at. In him strong and fiery passions, an intense ambition, a sanguine temperament, an impetuous rush towards a broader, more brilliant sphere of action, bore down and trampled upon that noble principle, which alone can win, for the possessor of great powers, a great and genuine immortality. Such headlong impulses can palliate many failings, but they could not palliate his crime, which had in it the villanous meanness of the low-lust footpad, not the giant daring of the hero; and he remains swinging to eternity on the gibbet of the malefactor, instead of standing in serene stability on the pedestal of fame which he might have reached by better means.

But Eugene Aram is not the solitary example of this sort of character. We have known in our time, the passion for books mixed up in a most singular manner with a taste for swindling. We have seen the same man reading with avidity whatever was noblest or purest in our literature, and all the time living in the daily commission of deeds which were of the most utterly ignominious and base nature. We have seen a man at once a real poet, a brilliant writer of fiction, an associate with the good and distinguished, and a knave and an impostor of the lowest grade. How such powers and qualities came to meet and live together in one body, we leave to the psychologist to explain. Rare as the instances are, however, they do exist, for we have seen them.

We do not include amongst these such men as Wainwright, the Janus Weathercock of the "London Magazine," the literary associate and social chum of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and other celebrated men, who expiated his villanies by transportation for life—for on the face of all that he wrote there is the stamp of the æsthetic dandy and the charlatan. More genuine of this class is a strange example which Germany has produced. That is, the Magister Tinius, a Protestant clergyman, a very popular preacher, an extraordinary bibliomaniac, and a murderer of a very curious description. Still he differed widely from our Eugene Aram. He had a love of books rather than of what they contained; and instead of passion and impulse, he possessed a cold heart, a close bosom, a steady, calculating head, and a daring hand. He was a modern Thor—his favorite weapon being a hammer.

In the commencement of the year 1812, the murder of a wealthy merchant, by daylight, and in the very midst of the peaceful city of Leipsic, created a vast sensation; and the impression on the inhabitants was the more fearful, that, spite of the most active research, the mysterious perpetrator remained undiscovered.

A person of apparently forty years of age, a stranger, called, on the morning of the 28th of February, between ten and eleven o'clock, on the aged merchant Schmidt, who lived in a house of his own in Grimm street. The visitor announced himself as from Hamburg, and was recommended to him as the best qualified to advise in a matter of business. He was desirous of investing some money, and not finding what he wanted in Hamburg, had resolved to look about him for that purpose in Saxony. He asked him whether he deemed the purchase of an estate, or of Saxon government scrip, the more advisable.

The merchant, in the course of conversation on this subject, which lasted about half an hour, produced, at the suggestion of the stranger, a Leipsic states' obligation of one hundred dollars, permitted him to examine it, and then returned it to its drawer in his writing table. Just as this was done, the stranger offered to Herr Schmidt his snuff box, and at once fell senseless to the floor.

When Schmidt came to himself again, he found himself bleeding profusely from the head, and cried out, "Help me up!" But the stranger was not there. When he did move, and had with difficulty managed to raise himself, he saw three drawers of his writing-table standing empty, and the chairs disposed in great disorder. The fear that he was robbed, gave him strength to seat himself, and bleeding as he was, he examined his drawers, and found that eleven Leipsic state obligations, to the value of 6,000 dollars, were carried off.

He quickly called the wife of his house-steward, Vetter, had his head hastily bound up, and hastened to the police-office to announce the fact of the robbery, and hand in the number of the pieces of scrip that he had lost.

This, as well as the circular which he immediately sent to the different bankers of the city, however, was of no avail, for the above obligations had been already purchased by Frege & Co., who had paid for them, and, [illegible].

In the very same hour in which the stranger had been with Mr. Schmidt, that is, between ten and eleven o'clock, according to the people of the bank, a stranger appeared in the said business apartment, and had exchanged the bills for cash in various moneys, German and French, including a certain amount of silver. There was no sign of anxiety or agitation observable in the man. He had exactly calculated the different sums he had to receive, counted carefully over the coin, and rejecting some particular pieces that did not suit him, received others instead.

The description of this person, as given by the people at the bank agreed perfectly with that of Mrs. Vetter, the merchant's housekeeper, and was sent at once to the newspapers. According to this statement the stranger was dressed like a country clergyman, and suspicion fell upon one Von Berger. The cashier of the bank was confident in his recognition of the swindler in this person; but neither the other clerks, nor Mrs. Vetter, nor the merchant himself, agreed in this recognition, and Von Berger was discharged.

From Schmidt himself, the least certain information of all was to be obtained. True, he affirmed all that has been here stated by oath; but terror and his wound had robbed him of his strength of mind to such a degree, that he was able to state nothing clearly as to the figure and garb of the offender. Neither could he say whether the man had struck him on the head, or whether he had received his wounds from falling against the corner of the stove. Before the extensive injuries of his head were healed, the old man died, clearly from the consequences of the wounds, and after a painful period of confinement to his bed.

The surgeons made a post-mortem examination of the head, and declared that the violence done had been effected with much force; that there were evidences of many heavy blows on the skull such as could not possibly result from a mere fall, and the striking even of the head against a hard substance. The wounds were in different parts of the head, and appeared of one uniform shape, though their outline could not be wholly traced, from the wounds being no longer fresh.

It was clear that the old man had been murdered for his property; but all traces of the perpetrator had vanished, and the mystery remained in the grave with him, till, a year afterwards, a similar and not less startling outrage, in the very same city, led to renewed inquiry, and to the discovery of traces in a quarter where no one had suspected them.

In the New Market, in the fourth story of the house of Dr. Kunitz, there lived the widow of the letter-carrier, Kunhardt, an old lady of seventy-five. On the morning of the 8th of February, she had sent her maid-servant, Schmidt, soon after eight o'clock, to fetch a bottle of wine from the vaults. As the maid returned from this errand, she met a magister (a master of arts) in the lobby of the house, whom she had already known as a frequenter of the hotel where she had formerly lived. He spoke to her as he passed, and hastened out of the door, and down the steps.

When she went into her mistress, she found her fallen against the room door, bleeding from the head. The old lady was able to speak, and said that a stranger who had brought a letter, which lay near her on the floor, had thus wounded her. At the cries of the maid, the inhabitants of the other stories, the families of Drs. Knobloch and Kunitz, hastened in, and carried the poor woman into her sitting-room. In reply to their inquiries, she said: "A fellow has struck me; the letter must be there; I am glad that I have my chain." Being asked if she knew the man, she said "no." The letter, spotted with blood, was dated Hohendorf, January 14th, and signed John Godfrey Bruse, and requested the loan of 1,000 dollars. There was blood on the wall and the floor of the room.

An inquiry was instituted by the police early the same forenoon, but on arriving at the dwelling of the widow Kunhardt, she was already speechless and insensible. The maid repeated her testimony as above, and added that she felt sure it was Magister K——, whom she had often seen in her former service. This man was immediately arrested; but on seeing him, the maid at once declared that he was not the person she meant; it was another person who used to come to her former master's. The suspicion now fell on Tinius, the parish priest of Poserna, near Leipsic, who not only frequented the house in question, but had passed there the previous night, and left it at eight o'clock that morning, saying that he was going to call on one of the magistrates, and came back at nine, having, on the way, bought a book at a second-hand shop, and read the newspapers at the museum.

Tinius was a man on whom it was a matter of the utmost astonishment that such a suspicion should fall. He had been the incumbent of the village of Poserna for some years, and was celebrated in the country round as a most popular and impressive preacher. His church was regularly crowded, and people came from great distances to hear him. He had been twice married, each time to a widow who brought him property. He was the father of a family, and had entered on his present living with the highest testimonials as to character and acquirements. He was not only a popular preacher, but an author; and amongst other things, had written his own autobiography. A man who thus courted inquiry into his life, and brought it into the full blaze of public observation, appeared a very unlikely person to commit crimes of this atrocity. His great passion, however, was that of buying books. These he collected on all hands, purchasing up whole libraries of people deceased, and being in active communication with book collectors and second-hand dealers. His library had now grown to the extraordinary amount, for a country parson, of 60,000 volumes. He boasted that he had even outbid the King of Prussia for a library on one occasion. A reason alleged for this book extravagance was, that he was not only intensely fond of this pursuit, but contemplated a great trade with America in books.

But spite of all this, the magistrates of Leipsic entertained the suspicion excited by the girl Schmidt. Her description of the person of the murderer (for the old lady died) exactly agreed with that of Tinius, and an officer was dispatched to Poserna with the maid Schmidt, in order that she might get a good view of him, without any one seeming to be particularly in quest of him.

The girl proposed to go to the parsonage on some concerted message, and Tinius was just issuing thence as she came up to the door. She at once recognized him as the man, who not only came out of the room where her mistress lay in her blood, but whom she had seen and spoken to on the stairs two days before. After her first evidence, she recollected to have met the very same man on the common stairs two days previously. He was then inquiring for Madame Kunitz, who lived on the next floor, and though it was somewhat dark on the stairs, he immediately recognized her as the maid who used to live at the house where he lodged when in town, and spoke to her as such. At that time he looked pale and agitated.

Now he appeared struck at the sight of her, but affected not to know her; he asked rapidly where she was from, and without waiting for an answer, added: "Ah! from Weissenfels."

Tinius was taken up; but the examination and trial of this singular person, owing to his positive and persevering denial of the charge, to his address, to the circumstance that this charge rested on circumstantial evidence, especially that of the girl Schmidt, and to the circumstances of the times—the war and ensuing peace, the last abode of Tinius, Poserna, being transferred to Prussia, and consequently, his examination having to be resumed by Prussian authorities—lasted ten years.

From the voluminous records of this curious case, we may select the following facts: John George Tinius was born in 1764, in a country place in Neiderlausitz. His father was the overseer of the royal forests of Prussia. He was educated through the assistance of benevolent people, because he evinced a disposition for study; was sent to the University of Wittenberg, Luther's old Alma-mater, became a private tutor in different families, afterwards a teacher in the gymnasium of Schleusingen, and was first made pastor of Heinrichs in Henneberg, and finally in 1809, incumbent of Poserna, near Weissenfels.

In all these places he maintained the best possible character. The college heads and clergymen where he had been, declared that both by his talents and his conduct, he had excited great expectations in them, and had quite justified them. They represented him as every way conscientious in the discharge of his duties. His manners and morals were of the strictest purity; he had always been sincerely regretted when he had left a place, and his preaching had excited extraordinary attention, and drawn together large numbers of people.

Such was the man now accused of this singular and atrocious crime. Once under suspicion, however, there were not wanting those who professed to have seen something close, dark, and mysterious in him. Others had felt a secret and unaccountable antipathy to him, or want of faith in him. It was whispered that he had been always a severe husband, and harsh step-father. There was something in his personal appearance that strengthened these rumors and personal feelings. He was a man of middle size, of about forty years of age, pale of countenance, his nose large and determined, his hair raven black, smooth, and hanging lankly on each side of his head. There was a still, penetrating, and inquiring look in his eyes; and his dress was a black frock coat, waistcoat, and breeches of clerical cut, with a broad clerical hat, &c., and with his head sunk as if in deep thought.

Not only did these reports and these characteristics now become the subjects of much remark, but various suspicious visits to other parties were now recollected; amongst others, to his mother-in-law at midnight, and to a country magistrate of the name of Hoffmann, an old and wealthy man. He had gone there in the dark of a winter's evening when there was a deep snow, had wished to see him alone, and when admitted, had given a false name, Lange, and pretended that he wanted to see an estate that the magistrate had to sell. The old man replied, that it was not a time to look over estates in a snow, and also informed him that he knew him very well to be Tinius, formerly clergyman of Heinrichs. He confessed that it was so, but that he had been requested by the friend who wanted to buy the estate, to give no clue whatever to the purchaser, and, therefore, he wished to appear as a stranger. On inquiry, it was found that while waiting to be introduced to Mr. Hoffmann, as there was another gentleman with him, he had expressly refused to see him while that gentleman was there, and had also inquired of the servants whether they had any other people living in the house, whether they had a watchman, and whether their dogs were fierce. All this time an old servant knew him.

These and similar incidents coming to memory and public remark, there spread with them also a story that Tinius was accustomed to carry a snuff-box, which he had offered on all these suspicious occasions, the snuff of which had a peculiar stupefying effect; and, moreover, that he carried in the side pocket of his cloak a short-handled hammer! It was, therefore, immediately suggested to the public imagination that he had committed the murder of Madame Kunhardt by offering her his snuff-box while reading the letter he had presented to her, and as she was closely engaged, had then struck her on the head with the hammer. This idea fully agreed with the nature of the wounds given both to her and to the merchant, Schmidt. On the heads of both victims there were several wounds which had all the appearance of being produced by violent strokes with a hammer. The murder of Schmidt had partly escaped the public recollection, but Tinius himself had recalled the remembrance of it by writing to one of his friends from the prison, that "if anything should be said of the murder of Schmidt"—of which, however, nothing was said or thought—"he should say"—so-and-so.

All these things put together completed the horrible idea of a man wrapped in a long, dark blue cloak, with his pale, sallow face, and large eagle nose, peering out, with a peculiarly piercing pair of eyes, from amidst his black, sleek hanging hair, and having on sometimes his huge shovel hat, sometimes a dark velvet cap, carrying about with him his drugged snuff-box and his short-handled hammer. He was thus pictured making evening or nocturnal visits to people in solitary places and in the depth of winter, and watching his opportunity to offer his snuff-box, tap the unlucky accepter of a pinch, in the very moment of taking it, on the head with the hammer, and then ransacking his desk or his cabinet. His mother-in-law had money, the Amtmann Hoffmann had money, and Tinius, it was well known, wanted it. When the old lady, his wife's mother, found him standing by her bed in his great cloak and his dark velvet cap, she cried out in alarm, and he replied, "Hush! hush!" and made some excuse for his odd visit; he stayed with Hoffmann in his private room alone till half-past ten o'clock that winter's night! A narrow escape for both of these people, and only owing to the proximity of other people.

We may say this, for the story of the snuff-box and the hammer was no fable. His wife had found the hammer in the pocket of his cloak at the very time that he returned from the murder of Mrs. Kunhardt, and wondered at it; and when she mentioned to him that she was aware that he had two such odd short-handled hammers, he was furious, and she only escaped being struck by him by running from the room. Her conviction of his conduct was early known, while he was on his trial, by her getting a legal separation from him on the plea of the assurance of his guilt, and she gave the story of the hammer, and of his strange visit to her mother, as amongst the reasons of her separation.

But, however difficult it appeared to a German tribunal to bring home the murder of Mrs. Kunhardt to him, there would have been no difficulty to an English jury. The maid Schmidt, a girl of the best and most trustworthy character, swore positively to his identity as the man who came immediately from the room where her mistress was lying in her blood. She swore this as knowing him well in her former service at the inn. Her mistress said that a fellow had struck her on the head, after presenting a letter which was signed with a feigned name, a name afterwards found amongst his papers, and occurring in his own autobiography. She, and other people had seen him twice, just at that time, in the house; and if proof was still wanting, he himself gave it by writing to one of his friends—as he thought him—out of doors, to secure his papers before the police could; and when this did not succeed, writing to other friends to say this and that in his favor before the judges: all false, and one story contradicting another. These *friends*, instead of doing his dirty work, gave up the letters as evidence, in a proper indignation at being supposed by him capable of such baseness. Amongst his papers were found copies of letters, in a feigned hand and with feigned signatures, sent to different people, and amongst them one to the Amtmann Hoffmann. These were letters like those of our Joseph Ady, letting wealthy people, "hear of something to their advantage," so as to get into communication with them, especially to a rich Miss Bose, informing her of a vast property fallen to her in America.

On his trial, he made many ingenious attempts to prove an alibi; and there were folios of evidence endeavoring to prove that he did not wear a cloak and cap on the day of the Kunhardt murder, but a coat. All, however, eventually availed him little. There could be no proof of his murder of Schmidt brought; but for the murder of Madame Kunhardt, after ten years of clever shuffling and wriggling, he was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, which was afterwards mitigated to ten years for the Kunhardt murder, and two for the embezzlement of certain church moneys. Twelve years' confinement! a singularly lenient sentence for such crimes. His parishioners of course expelled him from their church and appointed a successor, but on his quitting prison allowed him a moderate maintenance. What afterwards became of him does not appear. To the last he maintained his innocence, and represented himself as the victim of public malice and of judicial injustice.

The public at large, however, were perfectly satisfied of his guilt, as we may suppose. It was clear that his extravagant passion for book-buying had involved him in heavy amounts of debt, which, when driven to desperation by his creditors, he endeavored to clear off by the extraordinary means of the snuff-box and the hammer. His books must have cost a large fortune, and still he went on collecting more. There were no proofs that he legitimately possessed any such resources as these purchases required, and the very week after the murder of Schmidt, he paid off debts to the very amount of the money stolen, 6,000 dollars; and he paid them, too, in gold such as the murderer had obtained at the bank in exchange for the state scrip. It was but a week before he murdered Madame Kunhardt, that he paid the Amtmann his significant visit; and at the very time that he paid his fatal visit to Mrs. Kunhardt, he had paid one—but a fruitless one—to an old lady of great wealth, of the name of Junius, under a false name, and with a false pretence. He was driven hard by duns, and was on too eager and agitated a quest for a victim. His money urgencies were demonstrated by various letters that came to light. Just before his attempt on Madame Kunhardt, he wrote to one friend: "Nothing can save me but 400 dollars that you must procure me. Help me, help me for God's sake, or I am ruined!" He got no plunder from the Kunhardt murder; and the day after, he wrote to another friend as vehemently to help him, and not to let him sink into ruin, which he declared he had not deserved.

Such is the singular story of Magister Tinius and his hammer, one of the most extraordinary of modern times. The selection of his peculiar machinery is original, and the boldness with which he carried out his murderous designs, in the face of day, and in the centre of a great city, demonstrate a cool and determined character. On one or two occasions he was seen to tremble and betray agitation; but with these exceptions, he was remarkable for the immoveable self-possession which he displayed. This was never more evident than in the murder of the merchant Schmidt. In a few minutes he had possessed himself of the old man's most secret drawers and papers, and the easy, unhurried, and collected manner in which he changed them for money at the bank, was wonderful. It was the more wonderful as combined with the retired and studious habits of a country clergyman and an ardent love of books—as a man of fine education, of superior abilities as well as attainments, with every means of honorable distinction in his hands, and in actual possession of a great reputation for eloquence as a preacher.

In this, as in other respects, he differed widely from Eugene Aram, to whom the German public are fond of comparing him. He was no longer young like Aram, and had fame enough to satisfy a reasonable ambition. He had not the fits of passion and the uneasiness of remorse written on his brow, like that strange criminal, but from first to last he wore the smooth though solemn aspect of an innocent but injured man—and all this, spite of the letters which he wrote in person to various people, offering bribes for false evidence, and of a whole catalogue of letters found in his house, with false addresses and false signatures, and of his constant inquiries after people of property, who were in the habit of keeping money by them.

Altogether, the idea of this man is one of the most startling that can present itself to our imaginations. We are accustomed to notions of highway robbers, of midnight burglars, and even of garotters and secret poisoners; but to have a strange clergyman introduced to us at home, as we sit in the heart of a city with the noise of people and carriages all around us at mid-day, and while we are answering his questions as to some business connected with our pursuits, or reading a letter that he brings us, to get a tap on the skull with a pocket hammer, and if we ever recover our consciousness, to find both our heads and our cash-box broken, and our money gone, is a rather new and very unpleasant conception.

City Scenes.

LIFE IN PITTSBURG.

Poor Stubbs!—Just as he meets those nice girls he admired so at M's party, an enormous black fake settles on his nose. He loses all presence of mind.

THE DAYS THAT ARE TO COME.

Once, standing with a sad and fearful heart
By the "new sepulchre" of past delight,
I saw the white-robed messengers of Hope,
While Faith divine spoke to my doubting soul
The blessings of the days that are to come!

Thrilling as martial music heard afar,
And solemn as the organ's echoed peal,
That song of comfort—while like guiding stars
Shone through the mists that dimmed my lowly path,
The glories of the days that are to come!

Soothing, yet undefined, as that warm wind
Which, sometimes ranging all the wintry hills,
Brings haunting memories of summer hours,
And yearnings for the hidden gifts of Spring—
So sweet the dreams of days that are to come!

Radiant with cherished hopes thus far denied,
Green with fresh laurels from the hand of Fame,
Hallowed with Love, and solemn with the gift
Of endless life beyond this mortal shore,
Oh, mystery! the days that are to come!

—*The Churchman.*

"Husks" in the Parable of the Prodigal.—The word "husks," is an unfortunate translation of the Greek term for which it is employed. The word so rendered, signifies "little horns," with reference to the extended and slightly curved shape of the pods of the fruit of the Carob-tree; that fruit being the article of food which the prodigal is represented as having eaten. The Carob-tree is found, not only in Egypt and Syria, but in Greece, and other parts of southern Europe. It is a large tree, with a thick foliage, and wide-spreading branches. I saw it growing on the Mount of Olives, and elsewhere around Jerusalem. The fruit is a leguminous product, resembling the pod of our locust-tree, but much larger; it has a sweetish pulp when tender, but soon becomes dry and hard, with small seeds which rattle in the pod when shaken. It emits a slight odor, when first gathered, offensive to those whom use has not accustomed to it. The poorer class of people employ it as food in the countries where it is produced. I was told at Smyrna that it is in great request, in some of the Greek islands, as a nutritious article for fattening swine. It constituted a part of the provender (unless it was a very similar product) with which our camels were fed in travelling through the desert. I saw great quantities of this fruit exposed for sale in the market at Smyrna. Some specimens which I brought away with me averaged six and eight inches in length, though they are said to be often eight or ten inches long. It is not meant in the parable that the prodigal resorted to food absolutely fit only for swine; but that he who had been brought up in wealth and luxury was reduced to such want as to be obliged to subsist on the meanest fare.—*Illustrations of Scripture.*

☞ A little girl visiting Niagara with her father, and seeing the foam at the foot of the falls, exclaimed, "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so many suds!"

Wit and Humor.

LADIES' HOOPS.

"It cannot be, it cannot be!"
The lady said right mournfully;
"Fain would I grant a parting kiss,
But how can it be done in this?"
She pointed to her hooped dress;
And he sighed out in dire distress.
[illegible]

[illegible]
Oh, goodness! say! what shall I do?
[illegible]

He walked the lady round and round,
[illegible]
As if all hope was dead.
[illegible]

He walked the lady round and round,
[illegible]
Oh, love, how could you serve me so!
[illegible]

He went to [illegible],
And in her hoop she walked away;
The world soon called her quite the rage,
And she was hooped, in fact, like one
Such hollow hearts once wore a mask.
They dress now, a la brandy cask.

An Exacting Husband.—Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen, when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside, and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said—

"My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called on to make?"

Horrid ideas of suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres, with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed.

Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice:—

"My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you, is—that when I am gone, (here the poor woman sobbed and cried most vehemently,) when I am in my cold grave—(Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair,)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you—('Oh, for Heaven's sake!' howled Mrs. W., 'what am I to do?')—I command you, my dear young wife—('yes, y-e-s, love,' sobbed Mrs. W.)—on pain of incurring my malediction—('y-e-s, dear,' groaned the horror-stricken wife,)—never to marry an old man again!"

Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would—and the faithful woman kept her word for life.

Honorable Legislators.—A friend told us recently that our anecdotes of the legislator who wanted the Constitution to run through his farm, and of his worthy brother who did not think his constituents had any sense, reminded him of the freaks of a distinguished Michigan State Senator, who, in his day, was the unfailing source of half the fun at the Capitol. Upon one occasion, while some resolutions were under discussion which involved an endorsement of the action of the Michigan delegation in Congress upon the tariff question, this gentleman sprang upon his feet, exclaiming:

"Mr. President!—I do not care a curse about this plaguey tariff; but I'm afraid that the Whigs will get a branch of the blamed thing in this State."

The same gentleman was at another time made the victim of the sarcasm and irony of a political opponent, who, in a long and personal speech against him in the Senate Chamber, accused him, among other things, of having stolen the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in. Our friend rose to reply, violently agitated, and trembling with indignation. He said:

"Mr. President!—This is the first time in all my life that I have been accused of *stealing!* My opponent says I have stolen the Library of Heaven! Mr. President, in the most solemn manner, allow me to assure you, that I did not know there was such a book in print."

He was originally from New Jersey, and was very fond of glorifying that State. Upon these occasions he always commenced as follows: "Mr. President, the great State of New Jersey, which State I had the *honor to leave*," &c.

Mistakes of a Night.—A friend who was witness to the scene, describes the following ludicrous incident which occurred on board the night train from New York: Two married couples took their seats in the cars at New York, bound for Boston, in close proximity, and about eight o'clock they both indulged in balmy slumbers, the heads of the wives resting upon their husbands shoulders. When the cars reached Worcester the gentlemen stepped out, and the ladies, apparently exhausted, slept on. The delay was brief, and on re-entering the cars, the husbands, whose eyes were scarcely opened, exchanged seats, and in a few moments resumed their natural position, and were soon in the land of dreams. At Framingham the cars stopped again, when one of the ladies said: "Will you have time to get me a drink of water here?" The affrighted gentleman, not recognising the music of his wife's voice, exclaimed: "By heavens, have I made a mistake! This isn't you, Tilly!" "No," exclaimed the lady, "and you ain't my husband." "Perhaps we had better exchange seats," exclaimed the husband in the seat immediately in the rear, who had awoke, "for there's a slight mistake here." The second lady, too fatigued, did not awake, and as the temporary husband endeavored to shift his burden so as to move, she merely ejaculated, "Do keep still."—*Boston Gazette.*

Pretty Good.—A New York correspondent of a country paper tells the following good story of a "coffee-house" in this city, where gentlemen of leisure often retire to smoke from a Turkish pipe and sip excellent Mocha. Great trouble is experienced by visitors to make the waiters understand their wants; for as they—the waiters—are dressed in Turkish costume, it is taken for granted that they speak the language of Turks, and no other.

Bayard Taylor happened in there the other day, and anxious to give his Arabic an airing, asked the waiter, in that language, for a cup of coffee. All that he received, however, was a look of stupid astonishment. Supposing that he might be mistaken in the name of the article, Mr. Taylor made a careless remark upon the weather in a way that he was sure no Moslem would misunderstand, but the blank stare became intensified. Chagrined that he could not make himself understood through a language in which he took much pride, he ventured to ask in English:

"What is your name?"

"Patrick Mulrony, yer 'onor," replied the waiter, as his eye brightened.

After that, Mr. Taylor took his coffee in quiet.

Mrs. Partington at a Sunday Concert.—"Who is that?" said Mrs. Partington, in a big whisper, at the Music Hall, on Sunday night, during the performance of the oratorio of Solomon.

"That's Solomon," said the one she addressed, tapping out the time on his thumb, with the libretto.

"And those in front," said she, pointing to the ladies on the platform, "are some of his seven hundred wives, I s'pose, and the man up behind 'em, must be the children of Israel. Well, Solomon must have been a wise man to know how to take care of so many wives, but he wasn't any better than he should be, if all stories are true. Ah, what blessed music that is to be sure! How much better than that which folks hears on week-a-days in play-houses, played on godless fiddles!"

She seated herself in an attentive attitude listening to the music, while Ike sat counting the new gas lights round the hall, and drumming "Jordan" on the arm of the settee.

A New Distinction.—On board the Cunard steamers the church service is read every Sunday morning. The muster roll of the crew is called over, and they attend service. A gentleman, one day, said to one of the sailors—

"Are you obliged to attend public worship?"

"Not exactly obliged, sir," replied Jack; "we should lose our grog if we didn't."

Preaching over Liquor.—When Dr. Shylock was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, he was applied to, as was usual, to let part of the vaults for the reception of wine, which, however, he refused, observing that he was not to be accused of *preaching* over his liquor.

JEWS WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

The Christian world has been scandalized within a few years by the bold attempts of celebrated skeptics, like Francis Newman, to impeach the perfection of the Saviour's character. One must pity the moral obtuseness of such men, who seem overtaken by judicial blindness, so that while the light shineth in darkness, the darkness comprehendeth it not. In contrast with such moral obtuseness, it is cheering to note how Jewish prejudices are gradually abating, and candid and honorable Jews are admitting the moral sublimity of the Saviour's life. The late Dr. Noah, of New York, gave the following testimony:

"Jesus preached at all times, and in all places, in and out of the temple, with an eloquence such as no mortal has since possessed. * * * It has been said, and with some commendation on what had been called my liberality, that I did not in a former discourse term Jesus of Nazareth an impostor; I have never considered him as such; the impostor generally aims at temporal power, attempts to subsidize the rich and weak believer, and draws around him persons of influence which he can control. Jesus was free from fanaticism; his was a quiet, subduing, stirring faith. He mingled with the poor, communed with the wretched, avoided the rich, and rebuked the vain-glorious. In the calm of the evening, he sought shelter in the secluded groves of Olivet, or wandered pensively on the shores of Galilee. He sincerely believed his mission, courted no one, flattered no one; pointed and severe in his denunciations, he was calm and subdued in his religion. These are not the characteristics of an impostor; but, admitting that we give a different interpretation to his mission, when one hundred and fifty millions believe in his divinity, and we see around us abundant evidence of the happiness, good faith, mild government, and liberal feelings which spring from his religion, what right has any one to call him an impostor?—that religion which is calculated to make mankind happy, cannot be a false one."

Dr. Raphael, the elegant scholar and eloquent Rabbi, speaks in a similar strain:

"If you are desirous of knowing the opinion of a Jew, aye, of a teacher in Israel, respecting the proceedings against, and the condemnation of the Master from Nazareth, I do not hesitate to tell you that I do not by any means feel bound to identify myself, or my brethren in faith, with those proceedings, or to uphold that condemnation; I, as a Jew, do say that it appears to me, Jesus became the victim of fanaticism combined with jealousy and lust of power in Jewish hierarchs, even, as in later ages, Huss and Jerome of Prague, Latimer and Ridley, became the victims of fanaticism combined with jealousy and lust of power in Christian hierarchs; and while I and the Jews of the present day protest against being identified with the zealots who were concerned in the proceedings against Jesus of Nazareth, we are far from reviling his character or deriding his precepts, which are for the most part those of Moses and the prophets."—*Watchman and Reflector.*

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANT."

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four-bladed, the handle of pearl!
And great black words on the wrapper said,
"For the darlingest little girl."
I was glad! Oh yes, yet the crimson blood
To my young cheek came and went,
And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed,
And he got me on at last.
Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
To my home his course he bent,
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,
But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper blue;
They gave to his form a manlier grace,
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,
When the day was almost spent,
His whispers were soft as the lullaby,
And—*now I know what was meant!*

A Queer Story. Is it True?—Judge Marshall and Judge Washington were on their way to Mount Vernon, attended by a servant who had the charge of a large portmanteau containing their clothes. At their last stopping-place, there happened to be a Scotch pedlar, with a pack of goods which resembled their portmanteau. The roads were very dusty, and a little before reaching the General's, they, thinking it hardly respectful to present themselves as they were, stopped in a neighboring wood to change their clothes. The colored man got down his portmanteau, and just as they had prepared themselves for the new garments, out flew some fancy soap and various other articles belonging to the pedlar, whose goods had been brought on instead of their own. They were so much struck by the consternation of their servant, and the ludicrousness of their own position, being there naked, that they burst into loud and repeated shouts of laughter. Washington, who happened to be out upon his grounds near by, heard the noise, and came to see what might be the occasion of it, when, finding his friends in that strange plight, he was so overcome with laughter that he actually rolled upon the ground.

The Way the Electric Telegraph Works.—In speaking of the electric telegraph, we suppose that there is, in every message transmitted by its agency, a sort of journey accomplished by the current, as far as the wires may reach; and to us it is a matter of astonishment that some elemental substance, set in motion at London, shall travel in the brief space of one minute to Glasgow. But the reality is far more wonderful than this idea. There is no actual current or passage of power. There is already provided by nature a connecting substance between the two termini; the electricity has not to travel, for it reaches all the way; and just as I could change the position of the hands of a clock, without going to the clock, supposing I had a long, light rod to my hand; so, by touching and guiding one end of the long, subtle chain of fluid, I can change the hands of the electrical dial at a distance of ten, a hundred, or a thousand miles.

For Housekeepers.

Sauer Kraut.—The heads of white winter cabbages, after removing the outer leaves, are to be cut into fine shreds, and spread out upon a cloth in the shade. A cask which has had vinegar in it is to be selected, or if that cannot be had, the inside should be rubbed over with vinegar or sauer kraut liquor. A layer of salt is to be put in the bottom of the cask, carraway seeds are to be mixed with the shreds of cabbage, and they are to be packed in the cask to the depth of four or six inches; and layers of this kind, with salt between each layer are added, till the cask is full, stamping them down with a wooden stamper as they are put in, to half of the original bulk. Some mix salt with pepper and salad oil. Salt should be put on the top, and the outside leaves of the cabbage. About two pounds of salt suffice for twenty-five heads of cabbage. The head of the barrel is to be loaded with heavy stones. A common method is for a man, with clean wooden shoes on, to tread the cabbage down in the cask. Fermentation will take place, and some juice will be given out, which is muddy and fetid; this rises to the surface and is to be replaced with fresh brine. When fermentation is over, the casks are closed up. The French preserve many other vegetables in a similar manner.—*Translated from the French, for the Western Agriculturist.*

A Certain Cure for a Rattle-Snake Bite.—Take the yolk of a good egg, put it in a teacup, stir in as much salt as will make it thick enough not to run off, and spread a plaster and apply to the wound, and I will insure your life for a sixpence. The subscriber has tried the above remedy in a number of cases, and never knew it to fail.—F. Prettyman, M. D., *Portland, Oregon.*

Preserving Green Color in Vegetables While Cooking.—It is recommended to add a small quantity of soda to the water in which the "greens," &c., are being cooked, to preserve their beautiful green color—say an even teaspoonful or less, to two quarts of water. It appears reasonable that this result should be produced, since the alkali (soda) will neutralize any vegetable acid present, which would redden the green color. As the soda would remain in the liquor, and is thrown away, no harm can result from its use.—*American Agriculturist.*

Bird's-Nest Pie.—Take a deep baking tin, and set as many apples in it as will cover the bottom. Pare them and remove the core from one end; make a custard and fill each apple, as it is placed in the dish. Then make a thick flour batter, pour over the whole and bake one hour. Serve with sour sauce.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Boiled Pot-Pie.—Take two quarts of apples, pare, core and quarter, then put them into a pot or kettle, and sprinkle on a little sugar, grated nutmeg, and pour in water enough to boil them. Then make a light saleratus crust and roll one inch thick, of the size of the kettle, and lay it on the apple; boil three-fourths of an hour without cessation. Prepare the sauce in the same way as the bird's-nest pie.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Agricultural.

THE VERMONT WIND-MILL.

Invented by L. F. Brown, of Brattleboro, Vt.

The advantage of using wind in preference to horse or steam-power has not been duly appreciated by farmers and mechanics. All the difficulties in using wind-power to advantage are overcome in the mill above represented. It is ingenious, simple, and a most perfect regulator of its own motion. It spreads a wide sail to a light breeze, and a small surface to a heavy one. An accelerated motion is checked by the action of the mill itself as readily as the steam engine is checked by the action of *Watt's centrifugal governor.*

Its construction will be readily understood by reference to the engraving. The radical feature in which this machine differs from others is simply this: It governs the obliquity of its own fans, i. e., to the wind by means of the centrifugal force of those fans. Each is furnished with a helical or spiral slot and pin, made fast in the arm, as seen at t, fig. 2. In case of acceleration, the tendency of the fans is to overcome a suitable coiled spring, or a weighted lever, and to move farther out on their respective arms, and in so doing the spiral groove, or slot, slides on the pin and turns the fan more and more edgewise to the wind, presenting *less* surface. When the velocity of the wheel is diminished, the spring or weight immediately draws the fans in an opposite direction, and the same slot and pin turn them more to the wind, always adjusting itself to the necessities of the occasion.

Farmers and others in want of a cheap motive power, should look to the inducements offered of putting up wind-mills upon their farms or premises. It may be used very economically to pump water for irrigating or draining land, watering cattle, or for household purposes to the tops of houses. It may be used, and will operate very satisfactorily, to thrash and clean all kinds of grain, to shell corn, and grind wheat, rye, corn, or any other thing to be ground, cut, or mashed, such as apples, roots, vegetables, etc. It is particularly adapted to churning, working butter, washing, turning grindstones, sawing wood, cutting straw, and stalks or fodder. It will bore and mortice timber, drive small saw-mills, lath-machines, turning-lathes, &c., &c., and, if you wish, it will ventilate your house exceedingly well. It will not plough, harrow, cultivate, or mow, but any work which can be brought to it may be performed; and it will perform readily, without waiting to be caught, fed or harnessed. The only food these mills require is about one gallon of oil a year. They do not require so much nursing and attention as horses or oxen, one coat of paint will keep them clean and beautiful a year or more. The attachments use to connect them to different machines, so as to do different kinds of work, cost less than the harness and equipage of horses, and will last more than twice as long. The expense for repairs is much less than that for the shoeing and preparing of teams for labor. The same amount of power costs less, and wind-power will not die. Wind-mills will work by night as well as by day, and will run steadily without a driver. They are generally ready to work the greatest number of hours when their work is most needed, viz., in the fall, winter and spring. They do not regard the ten-hour system, but work early and late, summer and winter.

Any particular information concerning these mills may be obtained of Fowler and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York, who are manufacturing ten different sizes, ranging from $35 to $350 each.—*Life Illustrated.*

A Short Chapter for Hired Men, and their Employers.—Some years ago the son of an English farmer came to the United States, and let himself as a farm laborer, in New York State, on the following conditions: commencing work at the first of September, he was to work ten hours a day for three years, and to receive in payment a deed of a field containing twelve acres—securing himself by an agreement, by which his employer was put under bonds of $2,000 to fulfill his part of the contract; also, during these three years, he was to have the control of the field; to work it at his own expense, and to give his employer one-half the proceeds. The field lay under the south side of a hill, was of dark heavy clay, resting on a bluish-colored solid clay sub-soil, and for many years previous, had not been known to yield anything but a yellowish, hard, stunted vegetation.

The farmer thought the young man was a simpleton, and that he, himself, was most wise and fortunate; but the former, nothing daunted by this opinion; which he was not unconscious that the latter entertained of him, immediately hired a set of laborers, and set them to work in the field trenching, as earnestly as it was well possible for men to labor. In the morning and evening, before and after having worked his ten hours, as per agreement, he worked with them, and continued to work in this way until, about the middle of the following November, he had finished the laying of nearly 5,000 yards of good tile under-drains. He then had the field ploughed deep and thoroughly, and the earth thrown up as much as possible into ridges, and thus let it remain during the winter. Next spring he had the field again ploughed as before, then cross-ploughed and thoroughly pulverized with a heavy harrow, then sowed it with oats and clover. The yield was excellent—nothing to be compared to it had ever been seen upon that field. Next year it gave two crops of clover, of a rich dark green, and enormously heavy and luxuriant; and the year following, after being manured at an expense of some $7 an acre, nine acres of the field yielded 936 bushels of corn, and 25 wagon loads of pumpkins; while from the remaining three acres were taken 100 bushels of potatoes—the return of this crop being upwards of $1,200. The time had now come for the field to fall into the young man's possession, and the farmer unhesitatingly offered him $1,500 to relinquish his title to it; and when this was unhesitatingly refused, he offered $2,000, which was accepted.

The young man's account stood thus:

Half proceeds of oats and straw first year,	$165 00
Half value of sheep pasturage, first year,	25 00
Half of first crops of clover, first year,	112 50
Half of second crops of clover, including seed, second year,	136 00
Half of sheep pasturage, second year,	15 00
Half of crops of corn, pumpkins and potatoes, third year,	689 00
Received from farmer for relinquishment of title,	2,000 00
	$3,132 00

Account Dr.		
To under-draining, labor and tiles,	$325 00	
To labor and manure, three seasons,	475 00	
To labor given to farmer, $16 per month, 36 months,	576 00	1,377 00
Balance in his favor,		$1,755 50

Our farmers must learn that knowledge and enterprise and perseverance exercised in their business, will not only add a hundred fold to their own income, but will also confer more permanent benefits upon our country than these qualities exercised in the same degree in any other business whatever.—W. D. *N. Y. Times.*

How much more time will be required to convince our farmers of the necessity of under-draining? Those who have tried thorough draining and sub-soil ploughing, with one accord admit that their returns have been greater than the expense, while their land is left permanently improved for future operations. We have clearly proved that this treatment of land protects it entirely from the ill effects of drought; that less manure will produce an equal amount of crops; and have many times given the entire *rationale* to account for these truths.—*Working Farmer.*

Japanese Potato Plant.—The New York Post states that Dr. D. Ball, florist, has succeeded in raising the *Dioscorea Japonica*, or *Dioscorea batatas*, a substitute for the potato, in his garden. They grow rapidly, and upon digging them up in October, some of them were found to be two feet long, while all had grown finely. They grow long, similar in shape to the sweet potato, but much greater in size. One of the roots, measuring over two feet in length, was boiled by the florist's wife; she says it possessed the flavor of the common potato, and is an exceedingly nice vegetable for the table. The Post says it is thought that the *Dioscorea* may advantageously replace the common potato. It grows fast, can be cultivated in any climate, and, it is said, will do well in any soil, though sandy loam or sandy soil is preferable.

Feeding Our Roots.—There is probably a greater crop of roots—such as turnips, ruta bagas, carrots, &c., raised in Maine during the present year, than for any one year previous, for some time. These roots will be fed to cattle during the winter, and it may not be amiss to think over the best mode of doing this.

There are two modes generally adopted for doing this. The easy one chops up a pail or two every day with his pail-knife or hoe shovel, and throws them over to the cattle "hit or miss," and lets them eat them so. In the spring he looks at his cattle, and says, I don't think roots are any "great shakes" to feed cattle with. The careful man purchases a root cutter, passes them through it in sufficient quantities to give his bullock a full meal—sometimes, if he be extra careful, he cooks them, and feeds them out in that way. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, roots are excellent for cattle in the winter, but it requires a good many of them and a good deal of care in feeding them out. So does anything else. The question with him will next be, how can I economize this business so as to make the roots do the most good?

On this point many good farmers have often queried, and many experiments have been tried. We have found some thoughts and experiments upon this subject, in a late English paper. Mr. Lawrence, of Cirencester, has made some experiments in feeding turnips to cattle in winter. We will condense his observations for the benefit of our readers.

It seems, from his observations, that to give a bullock a full feed of roots alone, is not so good as to give a less quantity with oat hay, or straw (chaff, as they call it in England.)

When I commenced feeding bullocks some years ago, says he, I was in the habit of noting down the allowance of the different kinds of food recommended in the agricultural papers, and by men of reputed experience in such matters. The quantity of roots recommended were from 1 to 1½ cwt. per day, for large bullocks, (this would be about a bushel and a half of ruta bagas per day, Ed.) and that without admixture.

He then goes on to say:—"Now what is the object we propose to accomplish? It may be assumed for our present purpose we are dealing with animals at maturity in point of growth, that the skeleton is fully developed, and that we have only to accumulate flesh and fat. It must ever be borne in mind, that it is not the quantity of food put in the stomach of the animal which accomplishes the object in view, but that which is thoroughly digested and assimilated by the healthy action of the viscera. The setting before a bullock half a cwt. of roots the first thing in the morning, some hours afterwards its allowance of more solid and nutritious food, and repeating the feed of roots in the evening, appeared to me an irrational proceeding; and on the other hand, that a due mixture of the solid and fluid foods would probably aid the proper digestion of each. I resolved therefore to diminish the quantity of roots which I had generally heard recommended, one half, viz.: from 70 lbs. to 80 lbs. per day, according to the size of the animal, and to give a portion of these with each feed, as intimately incorporated as might be practicable with the more solid food. With this view I obtained Moody's cutter, which cuts the roots into thin ribbons, these we turn over amongst the chaff, so that the animals cannot avoid eating them together. I observed that the animals under the change to which I have adverted, throve faster, and were kept equally clean with one-third less litter, by weight, than we had found necessary on the former mode of feeding."—*Maine Farmer.*

The Wheat Crop—*The Prospects for Prices in 1856.*—Some of the Southern papers are urging farmers to put as much of their land as possible to wheat seed. The Lynchburg Virginian holds that wheat-seeding in that State may be continued as late as the middle of December, as excellent wheat has often been made, east of the Blue Ridge, from December seeding. That high and remunerating prices in grain will prevail next year, the Virginian considers beyond a contingency, and yet, it adds, we do not believe from information received that an increased breadth of land at all commensurate with the prospective demand for, and price of breadstuffs has been put to seed in this portion of the State. Taking the lowest estimates of the deficiency of grain in England and France, the deficit for the two countries may be put down at fifty-two million bushels. As this deficiency must be made up before the next harvest, the question arises, whence are these supplies to come? It has been ascertained that the crops of wheat and rye throughout the whole of North Europe also are deficient, and especially in the Baltic provinces, and the interior of Germany, where flour is at this moment selling at 70s. per sack. In fact the importations of breadstuffs from these sources and all others, except the United States, including Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Egypt, will hardly be sufficient to meet the deficiency of 20,000,000 bushels in France. Canada and the Baltic Provinces are not relied on for more than six or seven million bushels, and Italy—from which the exportation of breadstuffs has, in fact, been prohibited—together with Spain, Portugal, Egypt, and the Provinces of the Danube, can scarcely do more than furnish the balance, of thirteen or fourteen millions, of the deficit in France. Hence giving the surplus from these sources to France, there still remains the vacuum in England, ranging from a capacity of thirty to fifty millions of bushels, to fill. For this supply the English importers can only look to the United States: and if the supply—say forty million bushels—be obtained from this country, we shall send more grain to England than was exported in wheat and flour to all parts of the world during the year 1855. Our exportations for that year, according to the New York Economist, amounted to less than twenty-nine million bushels. The quota exported to England, according to the English Board of Trade returns, was an average of 976,920 quarters, or less than eight million bushels per annum, for the eight years from 1845 to 1853 inclusive.

If then, as has been assumed, the whole available surplus exported last year from the United States to every part of the world, should be supplied to England, there of course will still remain a deficit. And even should we be able to export this required amount we shall be at last year without a surplus for home consumption at the close of the season, and paying for that purpose, prices as high as in Liverpool. In conclusion we will merely add the following important fact as stated by the Virginian: Our harvest is, on an average a month in advance of the harvest of Europe, and will consequently come in next season just at that period when a deficiency will be most sensibly felt abroad, and, in fact, when prices, ruled by actual want, must be irrespective of the prospect from English or continental harvest.—*Balt. Amer.*

The Olio.

Mr. Gough and the Income Tax.—The London *Examiner* has the following: "While in Edinburgh, Mr. Gough's equanimity at breakfast was much disturbed one morning by an income-tax schedule being thrust into his hand. The commissioners of income-tax had "calculated" that Mr. Gough would carry off no inconsiderable number of Queen Victoria's sovereigns across the Atlantic, there to be added to his store of "almighty dollars," and they "reckoned" he was quite as liable to pay their lawful 16d. in the pound as any of her Majesty's subjects. Mr. Gough was of course much "riled" by this specimen of British tyranny and rapacity, and made many strenuous protests, both against their right to tax a citizen of the great United States, and, when that would no longer avail, against the amount at which he was assessed. Ultimately, however, he consented to be assessed on £1,500, as the amount of his gains during his lecturing tour in Great Britain; and his contribution to the expenses of the war was the sum of £87 10s.

Pantaloons Without Suspenders.—Professor La Borde, of South Carolina College, in his recent work on physiology, says:

"As the women have concluded to dispense with shoulder straps, some men, especially in the city, have thought they would prove pantaloons can be worn without suspenders. The men now strut the streets with their pantaloons tightly buttoned, side by side with the women, whose skirts or petticoats are tightly bound around their persons. Upon a fair view, the evil is the same in both cases, pressure upon the vital organs, impairment of their proper action, want of development, deformity, disease and premature death." The New York Phrenological Journal says: "As we walk the streets of our city, we see scores of boys from twelve to sixteen years old, with their pants buckled very tightly around their disconnected bodies, preventing growth at this rapidly growing age, and the result is a generation of dyspeptic, pale-faced, puny apologies for men."

A Green Rose.—At an exhibition of flowers, which took place at the beginning of May, at Mannheim, a prize was awarded for a very extraordinary floral curiosity—a green rose. The petals of the flower were green, and had somewhat the form of leaves.—*Farmers' Journal.*

Rescue of a Married Gentleman.—[illegible] A young gentleman was standing at [illegible] when a lady, attended by her husband, stepped from the door of the Washington market, and hesitated on the pavement for a few moments as if uncertain which direction to pursue. Fascinated by her great beauty, the young man gazed upon her with a fixed stare. By chance she met his gaze, and [illegible] Her husband [illegible]. That individual approached the offending admirer, and addressing him rather savagely, [illegible].

"Pardon me," said the gallant, recovering from his fit of abstraction; "I intended no offence. There is a loveliness about the lady's face that would intoxicate an anchorite, and I was lost in admiration of it."

"All right," replied the satisfied [illegible]; "*If you'll remain here till I escort [illegible] home, I'll return and stand treat for your good opinion of my wife!*"

A Professor in Limbo.—The *Portland State of Maine* tells a queer story of the misfortune which lately befell a somewhat eccentric professor of Bowdoin College, who is preparing a work on mathematics. At 11 o'clock at night it occurred to him that he ought to investigate the operation of car-brakes, and, seizing a lantern, he hurried to the depot. The light of his lantern and the noise he made knocking about the cars, soon attracted the attention of the watchmen, who seized the learned gentleman and conveyed him to a stronghold in the depot prepared for offenders—plunderer's of the company's property, &c. The professor's earnest protestations of innocence and representations of his position and objects, finally induced his release, but he finds it not so easy to free himself from the burden of the joke.

Sydney Smith.—The Irish poet, Tom Moore, was a frequent guest and admirer of Sydney Smith, and he has recorded his opinion of him in these words:

Rare Sydney! thrice honor'd the stall where he sits,
And be his every honor he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy formed all of wits,
Whom but Sydney would England proclaim as primate?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry and brave,
A Horace to feast with, a Pascal to read!
When he laughs all is safe, but when Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the church is in danger indeed.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 10, 20, 9, 7, 4, 12, 4, 9, was a King of Spain.
My 2, 3, 5, 19, 4, 22, was the name of a tragic poet and writer.
My 3, 9, 9, 7, 8, 15, 4, was an English prose composer.
My 4, 19, 21, 6, was a Roman Emperor.
My 5, 3, 16, 15, 22, 4, 14, was a Portuguese poet.
My 6, 17, 7, 10, was an eminent painter.
My 7, 22, 20, 11, 3, 8, was a son of Jupiter.
My 8, 17, 19, 4, 12, 20, 21, was a modern poet.
My 9, 7, 9, 6, was a Tyrian princess.
My 10, 20, 19, 5, was a King of Sweden.
My 11, 7, 3, 14, was one of the wise men of Greece.
My 12, 19, 9, 15, 17, was a celebrated fabulist.
My 13, 19, 4, 6, 4, was the name of a crafty Greek.
My 14, 3, 7, 17, 16, 6, was a Roman General.
My 15, 2, 16, 22, was the name of a historian.
My 16, 2, 20, 7, 8, 4, was an officer in the Revolutionary War.
My 17, 10, 4, 4, was the founder of Pennsylvania.
My 18, 8, 7, 9, 6, 2, 19, was a Grecian architect.
My 19, 17, 12, 16, 7, 4, 15, 4, 9, 3, 14, was a Theban General.
My 20, 6, 11, 22, 14, 17, 7, 16, 3, 21, 22, was a hero of the French Revolution.
My 21, 15, 19, 16, 22, 20, was a Danish astronomer.
My 22, 16, 10, 2, 13, 6, 4, was an English mathematician.
My whole was the name of a Marshal of France who lived in the reign of Louis XIII.
Lexington. J. G. COOPER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 16, 17, 12, 5, is a place where money is made.
My 19, 8, 15, is a beverage.
My 3, 16, 17, 9, 18, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 6, 3, 20, 3, 10, is a lake in Russia.
My 16, 9, 20, 21, is a lady's name.
My 20, 2, 3, 10, is a town in France.
My 15, 19, 10, 5, is one of the points of the compass.
My 4, 17, 19, 18, is a numeral.
My 10, 5, 12, 8, 15, 20, 6, 21, is the name of a town in Mexico.
My 11, 16, 2, 20, is a gentleman's name.
My 9, 10, 5, 17, is a town in Sardinia.
My 20, 5, 1, is an island in Scotland.
My 6, 9, 4, 18, is the surname of a celebrated writer.
My 1, 9, 3, 18, 6, 9, 12, is a cape in Europe.
My 14, 11, 7, 13, 1, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 13, 9, 20, 9, 4, 5, 9, is a town in Canada.
My 14, 10, 1, is a nickname.
My 8, 17, 19, 13, 11, is one of Columbus's vessels that accompanied him in discovering the Bahama Islands.
My whole is the name of an institution in Pennsylvania.
Oley. H. S. W.

AN ANAGRAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ED. PORTER THOMPSON.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Deprive me of my 1st and 3rd, and I am the organ of one of the five senses.
Without my 2nd and 3rd, I am a carriage.
Omitting my 3rd, transposing my 4th and 5th and placing them before my 1st and 2nd, I become a tent, or a lineage.
With my 4th and 5th placed before my 2nd and my 1st and 3rd omitted, I am a variation of the same verb.
Deprive me of my 1st, transpose my 2nd and 3rd, and I am a qualifying word used by lovers in modifying the nominative case independent.
Reject my 2nd, place my 3rd after my 5th, transpose my 1st and 4th, and I am a limited quantity of land.
With my 2nd following my 5th, and my 3rd omitted, I become a word expressing anxiety and solicitude.
Placing my 5th before my 2nd, and omitting my 1st and 4th, I am one of the prismatic colors.
Omit my 2nd and 3rd, let my 1st follow my 5th, and I am part of a circle.
Without my 1st, and having my 2nd subsequent to my 5th, I am an active verb signifying *to defy.*
Let my 4th precede my 1st, reject my 3rd and 5th, and I am one of a pack of cards.
Deprive me of my 1st, transpose my 3rd and 5th, let my 4th take the place of my 1st, and I express the utterance of written words.
By transposing my 1st and 2nd couple, and omitting my 5th, I become a small river fish.
Deprive me of my 1st and 2nd, and I am a fish found in the river Severn, in England.
Omit my 2nd, place in its stead my 4th, let my 5th precede my 3rd, and I am used by the spinster and the gambler.
Reject my 1st, 3rd and 4th; make my 5th precede my 2nd, and I am a prefix.
Without my 1st, 4th and 5th, I am a suffix.
Transpose my 2nd and 4th, omit my 3rd, and I am a barrel.
Taken as a whole I am a tree indigenous to many a soil.
Park, Barren County, Kentucky.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Kind reader, to your fancy here I bring
Three words combined to mean one thing;
My first is an elegant, noble creature,
Quite graceful in form as well as in feature,
'Tis said it is dealt'ness in moving its feet,
And ready, if needed, to vie with the fleet;
It's true, it is trusty, and holds its head high,
And scorns a low species with dignified eye.
Give my first to my second, so great and so brave,
And a seat and a footstool he then will have.
His pride and his glory is apt to be there,
As he flies off in his aerial chair.
My third is a slave to the man of the world,
And oft to the gale her wings are unfurled;
She kisses the zephyr, and bathes in the brine
And rocks in the sport of the frolicsome wind.

Combine my first with my second and third,
You'll have a science of which you've oft heard.
Place heroine ladies to act well the part,
In a grove well selected that pleases the heart.
When the fairest of the fair ones wins the prize,
How merry, how eager, the multitude cries;
All know very well that skill in my three,
Hath ended the wonder—in this you'll agree.
Nashville, Tenn. J. C. T.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a river in Europe
My second is a neuter verb
My third is a preposition
My whole will destroy life.
Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y. MYRON.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain number consisting of three digits in arithmetical progression; if the number be divided by the sum of the digits, the quotient will be 26; but if 198 be added to the number the digits will be inverted. Required, the number.
Wellsville, Ohio.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a right-angled triangle is [illegible] inches, and the side of the inscribed square is [illegible] inches. The sides are required.
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Ans.—A.
☞ When is a rash man like a politician? Ans.—When he's an-ever-nothing (a Know Nothing.)
☞ Why is an apprentice to the blacksmithing always getting into bad habits? Ans.—Because he learns to "steel" some.
☞ Why would pinning a little boy to a large hogshead be like hanging? Ans.—Because it would be considered "capital" punishment.
☞ When is the marriage ceremony decidedly fishy? Ans.—When the bride receives her ring (herring.)
Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Waynesburg College, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Sir Walter Scott. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Stephen Decatur. CHARADE.—Love. RIDDLE.—Health. CHARADE.—Papa. PROBLEM.—$200 00 for 3 weeks.

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